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ABOUT FLYING-MACHINES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ALL signs seem to show that many boys and girls now living will see flying-machines traveling through the air, and some, perhaps, will ride in them.

What remains to be done is difficult rather than impossible. Practical and learned men have lately said that flying will surely come soon; and the men who make this promise are not dreamers nor idle talkers.

Progress in arts and sciences comes, as a rule, by steps; each thinker adds a little until the wished-for result is reached. The art of flying has been more or less seriously studied for several hundred years, and we can now see what remains to be done. The theory has been carefully worked out, and practice must follow.

If you doubt this, it is likely that you have not learned what has been done. To many, Dædalus and Icarus are still the only air navigators, and they flew only in legend. Perhaps some remember that Archytas was believed to have made a dove of wood, propelled by heated air; and a brass fly is also said to have made a short flight — but brief as is this list, it contains all that the ancients have recorded of flying-machines.

But that men have always wished to fly we may know from their giving wings to all superior beings; angelic messengers, fairies, demons, witches receive the power of flight as a matter of course. And, wishing to fly, it was certain that men would study the habits of birds, and would argue as Darius Green did:

What 's the use of wings to a bumble-bee
Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me; —
Ain't my business
Important 's his 'n is?

Certainly it looks easy, when one sees the "swallows skim along the smooth lake's level brim"; and for a long, long time men thought that if they had wings like the dove, of course larger and stronger, they could at least make a beginning. So many tried the experiment. It was not hard to build a pair of wings "of leather or of something or other," or even two pairs; and many kinds were made — so many that the most ingenious of boys with the best sort of tool-box probably could not invent a new variety even if he worked all summer.

Some of these early wing-makers lived in the shadowy days of history. Bladud, a British king, was one; but all that we learn of his flight is that he soared above his city of Trinovante, and then fell upon a temple, thereby ending his wings and himself. Bladud belonged to an unlucky family, being the father of Shakspeare's "King Lear." Simon, called "the magician," who lived about the time of the Emperor Nero, lost his life in the same way; another martyr to the science was a monk called Elmer (or Oliver) of Malmesbury, who had foretold the invasion of William the Conqueror, and was therefore taunted by cruel people when he did not know beforehand that he would break his legs on taking flight from a tall tower. This monk is said to have flown one hundred and

twenty-five paces. People laughed at him all the more when he said that he failed because he did not fix a tail to his feet; but a recent writer, Chanute, argues that the monk was very likely right in his conclusion.

A hundred years later, and more, a Saracen repeated the attempt, and like poor Oliver, was killed. Then we read of a relative of the poet Dante, who made a successful flight over a lake, and fell in trying to repeat the feat across a square in the city of Perugia—though even upon this second attempt he is said to have “balanced himself a long time in the air,” and to have fallen only when his wings broke.

We do not know what wings these men had, but from later facts it seems likely that the stories told of them are true. We know, as you will see, that with stiff wings men can often sail a long distance, and such flights as are reported seem to have been made with fixed wings and from high places.

After men became more skilled in the making of machinery, they tried to make moving wings; but it was found that the moving wings would not raise men from the ground.

Leonardo da Vinci, being a great architect and engineer, as well as painter and sculptor, left note-books proving that he had studied the flight of birds, and had planned flying-machines to be driven by wings or by screw-propellers. But as Leonardo was good at figures, he seems to have abandoned his plans after finding out how much force would be needed.

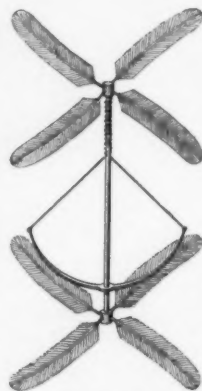
A French locksmith thought that practice was the great thing; and, fitted with wings, he jumped first from a chair, and afterward from a window, and then from the roof of a small house. In the last experiment he sailed over a cottage roof, but soon after sold his wings to a peddler—and probably saved his own life. Another Frenchman, a marquis, tried to go by the air-route across the River Seine; but he was not drowned, since a washerwoman's boat happened to be where he came down.

From those early days to our own, inventors have kept on building large wings and small wings, driven in every sort of flapping, by legs and by arms, but it is useless to quote the long list of failures. They proved only this, and boy-inventors will do well to remember it: A man

is not strong enough to flap wings big enough to hold him up; and man's muscles move too slowly to flap wings as fast as a small bird can. Whenever men have gone some distance through the air, it has been by sailing, as the larger birds often soar, upon the wind.

All well-instructed inventors of to-day believe that in order to fly with flapping wings man must have some other power than his muscles. Many light motors have been tried. The principal ones are: explosive compounds, steam, electricity, springs, and rubber bands. All these and others have been used to make small models, and all have been reasonably successful when the models were small enough.

The subject of flying-models is interesting, but it will be possible here to



AN EARLY MODEL.

describe only a few that will serve to show the different kinds.

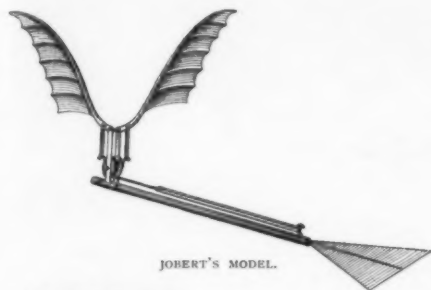
One of the earliest was made by putting four feathers into a cork so as to make a propeller. Two of these propellers with feathers sloping in opposite ways were set on a stick, one propeller being fixed, the other revolving. A bow of whalebone was attached so that its cord could be twisted around the stick. Upon winding up the cord, and then letting go, the model would be driven upward.

A drawing will make this clearer. The whalebone-bow is pierced to let a wire through, and works easily on it. The rod is jointed at the bow, and the upper propeller turns from right to left, the lower in the other direction; but the feathers are so sloped that both sets tend to move upward. This model is described because it is not hard to make, and will fly pretty well. To make the upper rod movable, that part may be a hollow stick put on a wire fixed into the lower part.

A simpler model on the same principle is the one known as Pénau's "Hélicoptère," or, in English, "screw-wing," the invention of a clever

young Frenchman who made some of the best models, though he worked only a short time on the subject, and died when he was thirty.

It is the simplest form of the flying-screw, and is moved by a twisted rubber band. It is wound up by turning the lower wings, or propeller, and when released flies in the same way



JOBERT'S MODEL.



PÉNAUD'S MODEL.

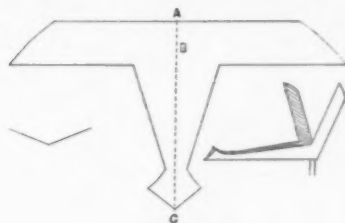
as the one in the picture. A common Japanese toy sometimes found in toy-shops illustrates this principle. It is an imitation butterfly that will fly as high as the roof of an ordinary house.

These two forms will show how the screw-models work. Those driven by flapping wings may be more briefly described for they do not fly so well and are harder to make. The least complicated ones were made by Jobert and Pénaud. In Jobert's a stretched rubber-band pulls a cord and revolves a pulley. The pulley turns two little cranks that move the wings up and down. Pénaud's model works on a similar plan. In both the wings are stiffened by a rod along the front edge, while the rear edges are flexible; so the wing slides forward on the air as it descends.

A third sort of model shows a new method

of flight, and the one that seems likeliest to lead to success in making real flying-machines. This new method uses flat or curved surfaces, sliding quickly upon the air, to support the weight. Scale a card through the air, and it travels upon the air, holding itself up so long as it can keep moving.

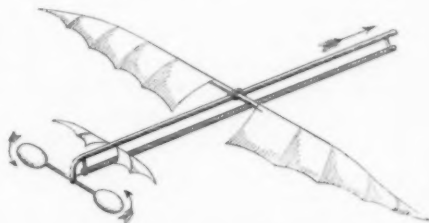
These planes, or stiff wings, are called air-planes or *aéroplanes*. In order to know just how they act, take a piece of writing-paper, about eight inches long, and four inches wide, and cut from it a paper bird like this:



PAPER AÉROPLANE.

Then bend it along the line AC into a flat V, putting two pins at B, as near the head as you conveniently can. Now stand on a chair and drop the bird, and it will come down as if it was a hawk after a chick. The weight of the pins pulls it down, the wings resist by pressure against the air, and the paper bird *slides* down instead of falling direct.

If the wings were sloped a little upward at the forward edge, and the paper-bird were pushed forward by a propeller, it would rise on the air. To illustrate how *aéroplanes* may be caused to rise, here is a model made by the Pénaud already mentioned:



PÉNAUD'S AÉROPLANE MODEL.

In this model it will be seen that the larger wings do not move the machine; it is driven by the propeller at the back, just as if it were a



WHAT YOU MAY SEE ON SOME FINE DAY IN THE NEXT CENTURY.

tugboat. The wings in front only support the weight of the model during flight. They are pushed against the air, and are held up by the air's resistance, just as a kite is held up by the wind. The kite, however, is held against the moving wind, while the *aéroplane* is moved against the still air.

The little wings at the rear are set at a greater angle than the large wings; and whenever the front of the model begins to droop, they resist more, and thus bring the head upward again. They do this the more easily because the front wings lose some power whenever they are nearer level.

A simple diagram will show how these rudder-wings act.

The model is made heaviest at the head, C. If it begins to go downward, as at 2, the rudder-wings at A come more directly against the

wind and pull back, raising the head; the wings B, meanwhile, are edgewise to the air, and offer little resistance so the model goes faster. When the model rises, as at 3, the rudder-wings are flat, and stop lifting, while the wings at B push

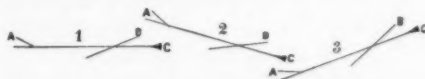


DIAGRAM SHOWING ACTION OF RUDDER-WINGS.

against the air, and slow down the flight until the weighted head comes level again.

The result is that this model flies in a wavy line, up and down, like a sparrow.

This *aéroplane* contained valuable hints for future inventors; and you will see how Maxim uses the same method to control his great flying-machine.

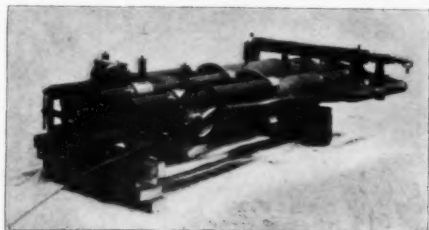
Many of the little models fly excellently;

but when the machines are made big enough to carry men, new difficulties arise. Big machines cannot be driven by twisted rubber bands, or, if they could, the flight would be no safer than if the machines were fired out of cannons, like the projectile in which Jules Verne's heroes made their imaginary "Trip from the Earth to the Moon." And when any machine fell, it would be smashed to smithereens—together with its passengers. A toy may be allowed to fly into the air, and then fall to the ground; but a flying-machine, to be worth while, must not only rise, but must keep right-side up while on its voyage, and must then descend safely.

What goes up must come down
On your head or on the ground!

Consequently the prudent air-ship maker must in all cases provide, first, enough power to carry his ship aloft and drive it where he chooses, in anything short of a hurricane; second, a method of balancing securely while aloft; third, a method of coming down in safety.

After trying different means of lifting and driving the air-ships—balloons, wings, screw-propellers, and aéroplanes—it has been decided that the planes are the best supports, and that,

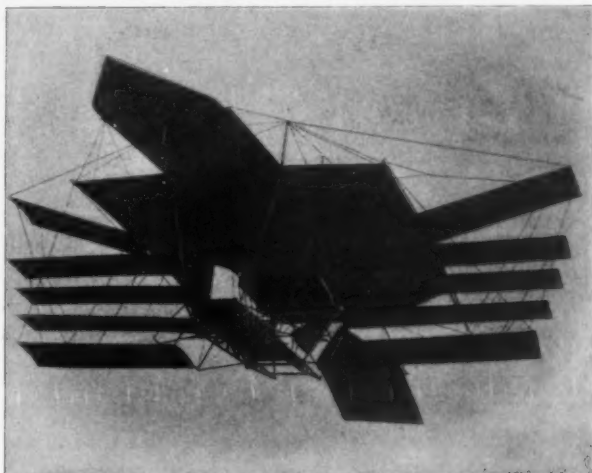


ONE OF MAXIM'S STEAM-ENGINES.

all things considered, they promise to solve the problem earliest.

And this decision was no piece of guess-work. Careful experiments were made, especially by two Americans,—Professor Langley and Mr.

Hiram Maxim,—both learned men, and both well informed about all that had been done before our own times with all sorts of flying devices, to determine just what form of aéroplanes



MAXIM'S AÉROPLANE OF 1893, AS IT WOULD APPEAR IN THE AIR.

were best worth trying. Their experiments were made separately.

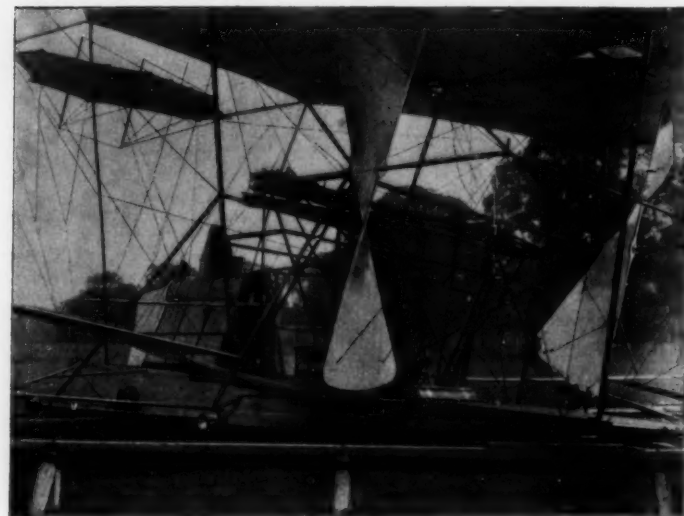
There was a number from which to choose, for men had tried to fly with planes as with every other apparatus. A model aéroplane was made that flew fairly well, and the design was patented in 1842 by Henson; but he never made a large machine. Du Temple tried a similar plan, but all known engines were too heavy for it—even though this inventor and his brother seem to be the first who made their boiler of light tubes, as Maxim and others have done since. In 1875 an English enthusiast named Moy built a large air-ship driven by screws and held up by planes. It was run around a circular track, being fastened by a rope to a pillar, but did not make speed enough to rise from the ground. Lack of power, which came partly from lack of money, kept Moy from making an air voyage.

Only a word or two more can be spared to these inventors, clever as many were. Each added some useful fact to what was known before him. Thus Wenham in 1866 showed that planes could usefully be put over one another; Brown, in 1873, that planes at the two ends of

a rod would balance well; then came Moy, already spoken of, and Tatin, who made a model that flew in a circular track as Moy's machine

Mr. Langley and Mr. Maxim began as modern men of science do—each made trials of all sorts to find what material and what shape would give best results; and Mr. Maxim built and tried every kind of motor that suited his purpose. He tried engines moved by hot air, oil, steam, or electricity; and at last convinced himself that the steam-engine was the easiest to manage, and gave nearly as much power for its weight as any motor.

While Mr. Langley made less outward show than Mr. Maxim, perhaps it will be found that his study and writing have done as much for the art.

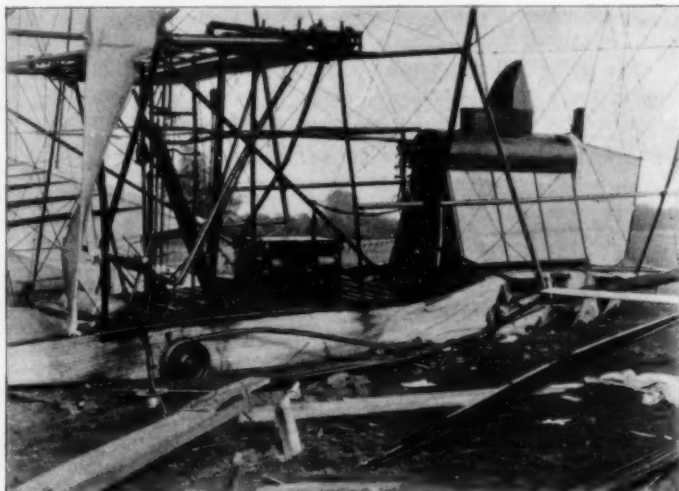


VIEW OF THE PORT SIDE OF THE MACHINE AFTER THE ACCIDENT. (SEE PAGE 450.)
Showing the axletree which, by bending, led to the accident.

failed to do. In 1879 Dandrieux, a Frenchman, made a model much like the Japanese toy already spoken of,—a paper butterfly driven by twisted rubber. A similar model with undulating wings was made by Brearey, who added an elastic cord extending from the under side of one wing to that of the other. This made the down pressure stronger, and gave better flight.

These machines, and many others, made the task easier for inventors who came afterward, by showing which experiments promised the best results; and their experiences gave Mr. Maxim courage to make his flying-machine on a large scale.

Scientific men thought that if an engine could be made weighing less than forty pounds



THE STARBOARD SIDE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

for each horse-power, flying-machines could lift it and themselves by its aid. Now, by using light tubes to make his boiler (the same plan is

adopted in torpedo-boats), Maxim constructed the two lightest engines ever built. Weighing only 640 pounds together, they gave 360 horsepower — much more than is thought necessary for flying. For their weight these engines were nearly five times as powerful as those Mr. Moy had tried, though Moy's were considered a marvel of lightness and power in 1875. The rapid advance in modern science is shown by this improvement in less than twenty years.

The engine being ready, Mr. Maxim tested different fabrics until he had found out the best

stretched by wires upon a framework, the largest being fifty by forty feet, and capable alone of lifting most of the weight. It was meant also to make the machine fall slowly, for it would act as a parachute in falling. At the sides were smaller planes, and in front and behind were planes movable up and down — rudders to steer upward or downward.

The machine ran along its own railroad, a track a third of a mile long, and could be driven by the push of its air-screws as fast as most locomotives.



AN IMAGINARY AIR-SHIP OF THE BALLOON TYPE.

material for making the *aéroplanes* — his bird's-wings. The tests were made on an ingenious little machine that showed how much each piece of stuff would lift, and how hard it tried to go with the current of air blown against it.

He found that an *aéroplane* made of a special kind of cloth called "balloon fabric" would, with the same weight and power, carry more than any balloon could lift.

Then Mr. Maxim went to work on a large air-ship to be driven by screws and supported by planes. The body of the machine was a platform car on wheels. The car, forty feet long and eight feet wide, carried the two little engines. Above were the *aéroplanes* of cloth,

The inventor soon found that when the car ran at a high speed it tried to rise from the track; so he built guard-rails above to keep his flying-machine down. You see that Mr. Maxim did not intend to go up until he had made sure of keeping his balance and coming safely down.

The air-ship and its appliances were finished in 1893, the engine being so arranged as to use naphtha for fuel, and to condense its own steam into water, so that it could be used over and over.

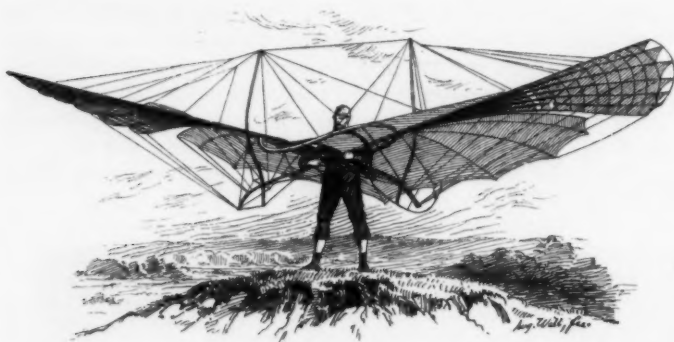
All these matters required, time, labor, and money,—to say nothing of the brain-work,—and over \$50,000 was spent before the air-ship began its trips along the rails.

Then the inventor began his lessons in flying, taking careful notes of the machine's behavior at different rates of speed. It was soon proved

boats, and the whole system of modern warfare would be completely changed.

Such is the present state of the *aéroplane* flying-machine.

Meanwhile another sort of flight has been attempted, and to some extent successfully, by other inventors. This is the soaring or sailing flight. You may see it in operation almost anywhere if you will keep an eye upon the gulls, hawks, eagles, and other soaring birds. Yet it was long doubted whether any bird could sail in the air with mo-



OTTO LILIENTHAL ABOUT TO TAKE FLIGHT.

tionless wings. that when three quarters of the power was used, three of the car-wheels left the lower track, and at full speed the whole machine ran on the upper track, free from the ground. It was also found that the side-planes would keep the air-ship from rolling over, and that the action of the fore and aft rudders promised to be satisfactory.

When the whole machine was in the best of order, it was run at a speed of thirty-seven miles an hour. The planes lifted all four wheels and the machine ran upon the *upper* track for some distance. But the lifting-power was too great. An axletree of one of the rear upper wheels was bent—the air-ship was set free and the front wheels broke the guard rail. Steam was shut off and the ship dropped.

The broken rail did some damage; but the ship has since been repaired, and Mr. Maxim is said to be waiting until he can secure a very large and level space in which to proceed with his trials.

Here is Mr. Maxim's opinion upon the result :

Had it been known twenty years ago that a machine could be made on the *aéroplane* system which would really lift its own weight, its fuel, and its engineer, we should have had plenty of flying-machines in the world to-day. If one half the money, time, and the talent which has been employed by the French balloon corps in their fruitless efforts to construct a navigable balloon should now be employed in the right direction, the whole question of aerial navigation would soon be so perfected that flying-machines would be as common as torpedo-

boats. Nowadays the evidence that such flight is not only possible but usual is overwhelming.

Mr. Maxim believes that birds are aided in this soaring by the many minor currents in the air, of which the bird takes full advantage.

A recent writer, Chanute, in his book "Progress in Flying-Machines" (from which book I have learned much that I tell you in this article, and have also secured several diagrams), shrewdly remarks that stories about men flying successfully have come almost entirely from the warm countries—the regions where steady winds make soaring birds a common sight. His book tells nearly all the experiments in flying in which men depended on their own strength.

Among the most striking instances of flying are the experiments made forty years ago by a Frenchman named Le Bris.

Le Bris once held up in the breeze a wing he had taken from an albatross, and, he says, "in spite of me it drew forward into the wind." He wondered if he could make wings that would act in the same way, and about 1855 he built a bird-like boat with outstretched wings that could be moved slightly by rods. Then he placed the machine upon a cart, got into it, and told the driver to drive against the wind. When they started Le Bris kept the front edges of the wings bent downward; but soon the

horse began to trot, Le Bris raised the front of the wings, and behold! up went the boat until it was higher than the church steeples, and floating along *against* the wind.

But soon Le Bris heard energetic remarks in the air below him, and found that the driver had been caught in the rope and was then dangling down like the tail to a kite. So Le Bris turned the wings so as to glide downward until the driver was on solid ground, and could run after the runaway horse and cart.

Le Bris tried to return to the upper air, but failed; and he came down unhurt, having only slightly injured the machine.

The air-boat being repaired, Le Bris soon made another start; but this time he had Humpty Dumpty's luck and the machine was smashed to bits. With a second air-ship he once went up forty feet, and he flew the same vessel loaded with ballast even higher. When this second air-ship was smashed Le Bris gave up, for he was a poor man and could not afford another.

These flights were *against* the wind, and proved that surfaces curved in a certain way were drawn forward "into the wind's eye," as sailors express it. This fact was explained in a book written in 1864, and its author, D'Esterno, was laughed at and considered out of his head because he claimed that flight was possible with a machine built to soar rather than fly—that is without power to drive it, and with motionless rather than with flapping wings.

The same belief was urged in "L'Empire de l'Air" by Mouillard, a book on the flight of birds. Mouillard claimed that, after a start, a bird can rise without motion of the wings provided the wind is strong enough. The author built such wings, and tried them by leaping at a narrow ditch. Up he went, and then glided one hundred and thirty-eight feet before he came down and broke a wing. A second trial was successful also, except that in coming down he sprained his shoulder.

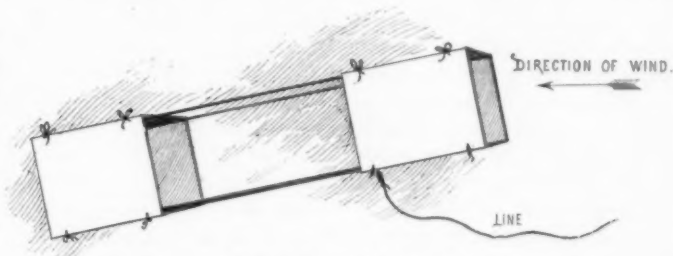
And since then a number of "human birds"

have repeated and varied these trials. Although great feats have not yet been done, it looks as if the chief trouble is lack of practice. One of the best known and most skilful fliers is a German named Lilienthal, who, after years of study and trials, made in the summer of 1891 a pair of wings curved like a great bird's. As the result of his studies and experiments, he believes curved surfaces better than flat planes—in which he agrees with Le Bris, Goupil, and Phillips, other students of the subject. All these men believe that the curved shape of birds' wings has much to do with their flying, helping them to go against the wind—a strange effect which the French have named "aspiration."

Provided, then, with wings and tail, Lilienthal began to practise, at first upon a spring-board, and afterward in a hilly region near Berlin. Even after he was able to sail as far as eighty feet, he found that it was best to arrange the wings so that they could be easily thrown off; otherwise, he coolly says, "I might have had a broken neck instead of sprains which always healed in a few weeks."

In 1892 he made larger wings, and learned to sail further than before, rising twenty or thirty feet from the ground upon a favoring wind. Since then Lilienthal has attached to his wings a powerful little engine, and he is now making attempts to learn its management. Just what he has done is not known yet; but he has fewer accidents, and improves as time goes on.

Some Americans also are at work with wings.



A KITE ON HARGRAVE'S PRINCIPLE.

A recent number of the "American Engineer" says that A. M. Herring of New York has been "experimenting with wing-surfaces large enough to carry his own weight for over a year" (!),

and has succeeded in sailing *three hundred feet*. The same journal publishes an account of his experiments, and concludes "there is now good reason to believe that soaring for considerable distances is no more difficult than riding on a bicycle . . . The great obstacle is the cost of such apparatus and its great fragility." The wings alone cost from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five dollars, while an oil-motor will be perhaps six or seven hundred dollars more; so boys whose allowances are small will not be likely to take up the pastime yet.

Lilienthal, indeed, says that while he is hopeful that men will learn to fly, the task of learning is more difficult than one might suppose; and Mr. Herring, though he has studied the subject seventeen years, considers himself a beginner.

A Vienna manager, learning of Lilienthal's feats, sent an acrobat to take lessons; but at last reports the pupil was said to be "having a hard time of it—developing a dreadful propensity to alight on his nose."

During 1895, a lecturer at Glasgow University, Mr. Pilcher, has made flights with a pair of wings not unlike Lilienthal's; but to guard against being upset by sudden gusts of wind—a constant danger—Mr. Pilcher has bent his wing-tips at the ends. These experiments are still in progress.

There are other experimenters in various parts of the world, but none more successful. Some are studying kites as an aid to flight. Lawrence Hargrave of New South Wales has made a great number of simple and successful models—the latest being driven by compressed air, and flying over three hundred feet. He has lately given his attention to kites; and in November, 1894, made one that carried him up along a string, and brought him safely down. He claims that this kite, which looks like two boxes, without top or bottom, and fastened to each other by sticks, as shown in the diagram, will carry a man up and bring him down safely, and thus offers an excellent chance to try any new flying apparatus.

Boys can easily make small kites of this sort out of pasteboard boxes and test their merit.

Lately there has been some account of a sail-

wheel flying-machine made by a Professor Wellner; but as it is on a novel principle, which has not yet been proved sound, I have not given an account of it. Maxim's ship, although it broke down, is only a new trial of a well-known principle. Some German authorities say that Maxim has not added to our knowledge of how to steer air-ships. But it seems fair to wait a while. After the air-ship really begins to fly, there will be time enough to learn how to steer it.

A bill was brought before the last Congress—not passed—offering \$100,000 to the inventor who shall make a successful air-vessel before 1900. But, as a New York paper said, that sum might be a trifle to the inventor of such a machine.

A Boston gentleman much interested in the subject proposes an aeronautical camp-meeting on Cape Cod, and has published an elaborate programme of subjects to be there considered. If we add that a School of Aeronautics has been established in Paris, you will have a very complete idea of where the Art of Flying is to-day.

As was said in the beginning, it is likely that many of you boys and girls will see air-ships in full flight.

And if we should learn to fly—what then?

Let me repeat here what the poet E. C. Steedman told the readers of the *Century* some years ago—for only a poet can do the subject justice:

"The air will be the ocean; or, rather, let us say, that ethereal ocean, the atmosphere, at last having been utilized and made available for the commerce, the travel, the swift running to and fro of men, every spot of this globe will be a building-site, every acre a harbor, every open space, plain, hummock, the highest range, the humblest valley, an aerial port.

* * * * *

"The change will be gradual. The art of aerial navigation will be slow of perfection. Our primitive vessels and motors will be rude and defective, as Stevenson's locomotive now would seem to us. Heavy freights must long continue to move by water and rail. Aërobats at first will be used for the transmission of the mails and light express packages, and especially for their swift conveyance over sea. Soon the



BY PERMISSION, FROM "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

WARFARE IN THE AIR, AS IMAGINED BY A GERMAN ARTIST.

inland companies will have each its own 'aërial express.' By and by aërobats displaying the insignia and pennons of the great newspapers will leave town at 3 A. M., and whirl over the country 'as the crow flies,' and at their utmost speed, dropping their packages in the towns and villages along the routes in every direction of the compass. Soon the more adventurous and resolute, and finally all classes of travelers, will avail themselves of the great passenger aërobats and enjoy the unsurpassable luxury of flight, experiencing thrills of wonder and ecstasy, and a sense of power, freedom, and safety to which all former delights of travel may well seem tame by comparison.

* * * * *

"In every way the resources of social life will be so enlarged that at last it truly may be said, 'Existence is itself a joy.' Sports and recreations will be strangely multiplied. Rich and poor alike will make of travel an every-day delight, the former in their private aëronons, the

latter in large and multiform structures, corresponding in use to the excursion-boats of our rivers and harbors, the 'floating palaces' of the people, and far more numerous and splendid. The ends of the earth, its rarest places, will be visited by all. The sportsman can change at pleasure from the woods and waters of the North, the run-ways of the deer, the haunts of the salmon, to the pursuit of the tiger in the jungle or the emu in the Australian bush. An entirely new profession—that of airman-ship—will be thoroughly organized, employing a countless army of trained officers and 'airmen.' The adventurous and well-to-do will have their pleasure yachts of the air, and take hazardous and delightful cruises. Their vessels will differ from the cumbrous aërobats intended for freight and emigrant business, will be christened with beautiful and suggestive names,—Iris, Aurora, Hebe, Ganymede, Hermes, Ariel, and the like,—and will vie with one another in grace, readiness, and speed."



TWO MAIDENS.

BY GERTRUDE MORTON CANNON.

I KNOW a winsome little maid,
So fair to see —
Her face is like a dainty flower.
So lovingly
She looks upon this world of ours,
And all who pass,
That sweet content makes beautiful
My little lass.

I know another maiden well,
She might be fair —
Her cheek is like a rose-leaf soft,
Like gold her hair.

But ah! her face is marred by frowns,
Her eyes by tears,
For none can please. I dread to think
Of coming years.

Would you, dear, grow to beauty rare
In thought and deed?
Then learn the lesson these two teach
To those who heed,
And in your heart, as life begins,
Give this truth place:
'T is only lovely thoughts can make
A lovely face.

LITTLE BOB KIMBALL.

BY AGNES LEE.

NIMBLEDY-NIMBLE,
Little Bob Kimball —
Bobby the lively and Bobby the quick! —
Had a great fancy for serving a trick.
Bothersome pranks by the dozen he'd play.
Mother was calling the whole livelong day:

"Where is my thimble? —

O *Bobby* Kimball!

Where are my rings gone? Oh, where is
my spool?

Bob! leave your hiding, and run off to
school.

Who left the cellar door open for tramps?
Who washed the mucilage off of my stamps?"

Once he went maying.

While he was straying

He saw a brown bird sitting under a tree.

He'd no wish to harm it — just thought
he would see

How near his stone came to a hit — that
was all.

But off flew the bird, and sang down from
a wall:

"Nimbledy-nimble,
Little Bob Kimball!

Your way of nimble is not the best way.

Little Bob Kimball, oh, try for a day

NIMBLE FOR GOOD, and not NIMBLE FOR
ILL."

Said Bob, "Little bird, I don't know but I
will!"

Bobby he tried it.

As he applied it,

More sweet and more kindly his little heart
grew,

Till he was a comfort to all whom he
knew.

And now he is welcome wherever he goes;
A fine, merry fellow, as everyone knows.

Nimbledy-nimble,

Little Bob Kimball.

THE SCISSORS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



E'RE a jolly pair of twins,
And we always work together.
We are always bright and sharp,
However dull the weather.
Whenever little Maidie
Takes her work-box in her lap,
We are always up and ready
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

CHORUS. Snip, snip, snap,
Snip, snip, snap.
We are always up and ready
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

We cut the pretty patches
To piece the pretty quilt;
Each square the next one matches,
Their posies never wilt.
We trim the edges neatly,
With never a mishap,
And what music sounds so sweetly
As our "Snip, snip, snap"?

We cut the dolly's mantle;
We shape the dolly's dress.
Oh, half the clever things we do
You'd never, never guess!
For food or sleep or playtime
We do not care a rap,
But are ready, night and daytime,
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

CHORUS. Snip, snip, Snap,
Snip, snip, snap,
But are ready, night and daytime,
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"



TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[Begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHALLENGE.

THE firemen were able to put out the fire before it had done serious damage, save to the packing-cases; and Teddy had hardly sent the challenge to Skip Jellison before, one by one, the engines were hauled away.

Reddy did not follow when they crossed to the other side of the street. He was probably afraid he might be charged with having taken some part in starting the blaze, and did not care to remain near those who had no hesitation about saying what they thought.

"We might as well go back," Teddy said, several moments after the firemen began to disperse. "We 'll go round by Broadway for fear some of the fellows will find out where we 're livin' now."

Then, for the first time since receiving Teddy's promise that Skip should be forced to return the money he had stolen, was it possible for Carrots to speak freely.

"If you have n't got yourself in a fine mess, then I don't know!" he exclaimed. "Jest as likely as not this 'll break up the stand!"

"Don't you worry 'bout that, Carrots. I shall come out all right. It's got to be fixed right away, else there 's no knowin' what Skip Jellison may do. I did n't count on beginning so soon; but now he 's shown that he dares to set fires, I 'd be worried for our new place, if something was n't done."

"But what do you reckon on doin'?"

"You come with me, and you 'll hear and see the whole thing. It's going to spoil our day's work; but that can't be helped, for it 's time he was straightened out. We 'll get the

papers for Ikey, an' then have a look at this bully who 's willing to risk burning us up."

Teddy evidently had a well-defined scheme in his mind; but he did not intend to confide in any one until the proper moment.

By going a long way round the boys were able to reach their new home without meeting any acquaintances; and, once there, preparations were made for the night, Carrots meanwhile explaining to Ikey what they had seen and heard.

"That Skip will try to break up this stand just as soon as he knows you 've got it," the clerk said positively.

Carrots expected Teddy would make some reply to this remark; but the boy from Saranac did not speak, and before long his companions were asleep.

It was daylight next morning when Teddy woke his partner, and, leaving their clerk still asleep, the two hurried to the newspaper offices for the day's supply.

Few other newsboys had begun work when Messrs. Thurston and Williams had the stand open, with a stock sufficient to satisfy all the customers Ikey might have.

A breakfast was made on the remainder of the previous night's feast, and then Teddy and Carrots "worked the hoss-cars," as the latter expressed it, until a quarter before seven.

"Come on; it 's time to go," Teddy said as he deposited his share of the stock on the counter. "Keep your eyes open while we 're gone, Ikey, because it may be quite a while before we get back."

Carrots followed his partner in silence, and the clocks were striking seven when they arrived at the City Hall.

"Don't go over there yet," Carrots said nervously, as he pointed toward a group of boys.

"Skip has got every fellow in town with him. You 're certain to get the worst of it."

"He can't have too many to please me," Teddy replied boldly; and then, to Carrots's surprise, he turned and walked directly toward the enemy.

"Here he comes! an' now we 'll see what a country jay looks like when he gits ready to leave town!" was Skip's greeting; and his particular cronies thought the remark so very funny that they laughed long and loud.

"I 'm not thinking about going out of the city," Teddy said firmly; "so I 'm afraid it won't be such an awful good show."

"Then what are you coming round here for?" Skip asked, as he advanced threateningly.

"In the first place I 've come for that money you stole from Carrots, and when that has been given up, I 'll tell you what else I want," said Teddy, quietly.

"You 'll be gray-headed before you get anything out of me, 'cept a whack on the head!"

"Yes, you 're said to be a great fighter, I know," was Teddy's remark; "but you 'd better make all your fight 'round here where you know the police will stop a row before anybody has a chance to hurt you. It 's safer!"

"I 'll make my fight anywhere I please," Skip blustered.

"Then if you 've got half the pluck you claim, show us a place where it can be done in shape," answered Teddy sharply. "I 'm here with nothing to do but settle matters. I 'm going to stay in the town right along, and I can't be bothered with you all the time. If you get the best of me when we 're where nobody 'll interfere with us, I 'll leave; an' if I get the best of you, why, then I 'll get back my dollar, an' you 'll have to behave yourself."

Boys like pluck, and even Skip's friends applauded this remark. Teddy's businesslike offer pleased them wonderfully, and they had no doubt the bully would agree at once. But, to the surprise of all, Skip remained silent.

"He don't dare do it!" Teenie jeered. "He 's afraid of gettin' the worst of it—same 's he did that day over in Brooklyn!"

"Hold your tongue!" Master Jellison answered, looking angrily around him. "Do you fellows s'pose that I 'm scared of him?"

"If you ain't, why don't you do as he says?" asked Teenie.

"I 've got to tend to my work," Skip stammered, "that 's why I can't; but I 'll give him a poundin' now, an' let that settle it."

"If you try to touch me here where we 're sure of being arrested, I 'll have you locked up for stealin'," Teddy said sternly. "I could do that anyway; but I 'd rather manage my own affairs. I don't see how you can be too busy to leave for an hour, because you have n't done any work since you said you 'd drive me out of town. I 'll go wherever you say, an' the rest of the fellows shall promise to leave us alone till one of us says he 's had enough!"

"Of course he 's goin' to tackle the country-man!" Reddy Jackson said in reply to some of his friends, who at this moment began to express in an undertone their belief that "Skip was scared!"

Then Reddy took Skip aside and began to talk to him very earnestly, the others, meanwhile, discussing whether the bully was afraid.

It must have been plain to Skip that if he did not wish to be despised by all whom he had cowed so long, it was necessary to accept Teddy's challenge; for there were at least a dozen in the throng who had some grudge against the young tyrant, and if he "showed the white feather" so publicly, there could be no question that the injured ones would try to revenge themselves, believing it could be done safely.

"I 'm willin' to go an' thrash this fellow, of course," Skip said suddenly, as he stepped forward once more. "I *did* count on doin' a good day's work, 'cause I 've been takin' it easy so long; but I reckon I can spare the little time I need to settle him off. See here, now—I don't want any one in the crowd to beg off for him after I get started."

"Neither do I," added Teddy, promptly. "He says I can't stay in the town, an' I want that settled once for all; so the rest of the crowd are to hold back, never mind who 's havin' the worst of the trade."

"You can count on fair play," a member of the party said decidedly, and, as this speaker had always been believed to be one of Skip's warmest supporters, there seemed to be no

question that Teddy would be treated well during the coming conflict.

"Do you s'pose you can get the best of him?" Carrots asked in an anxious whisper as, under the guidance of one of the party, all hands started toward a certain quiet and secluded spot which had been suggested by Sid Barker.

"Well, I 'll try mighty hard," said Teddy. "I don't take much stock in fightin', Carrots, but this is somethin' that 's got to be done, or we 'd never be able to run the stand."

This remark sounded to Carrots very much as if his partner had serious doubts regarding the outcome of the engagement, and secretly the junior partner began to indulge in the most gloomy forebodings.

Teddy had very little to say; but Skip, who walked among the leaders of the party, took pains to boast in a very loud tone of what he proposed to do with "the greenhorn after he 'd broken him all up."

Sid conducted the throng to an untenanted stable in the rear of some dwellings on West Broadway, and said, as he led them through a convenient opening:

"I reckon you might fight here a month without anybody hearing you. Could you find anything better 'n this?"

Most of the boys were loud in their praises of the spot; but it really seemed as if Skip fancied it too retired.

"He 'd rather be where the cops would come," Carrots whispered to Teddy. "I do believe he 's afraid already; an' I tell you, Teddy, if you can thrash Skip well, it 'll be the biggest kind of a thing for a lot of fellows I know of in this town!"

"I reckon I 'll be all right. Don't you even say a word, no matter what happens; and I think when our little scrap is finished he won't have anything more to say about our leaving the city."

It did not require many moments to settle the terms of combat.

Half a dozen of the larger members of the party arranged the details by promising to whip any fellow who should attempt to interfere, and then the word was given.

Teddy did not immediately put himself in an

attitude of defence; but, addressing the spectators, said:

"I don't want any fellow to think I came here 'cause I 'm fond of a fight. Skip Jellison has said I 've got to leave town, and that Carrots must, too, just because he helped me. He tried to drive me away by stealing a dollar of my money from Carrots, and then he set the box-pile on fire last night to smoke us out, or something worse. All I want of him is to give up the cash, and agree to let us alone. If he 's willing to do that, there 's no need of this row; but if he don't, I shall fight him the best I know how."

Skip's only reply was to rush forward angrily, and an instant later the battle was on.

It is very doubtful if even Carrots could have told much about the struggle, so suddenly was it begun and so soon ended.

Carrots told Ikey that same morning:

"It did n't seem as if Skip had a chance to put up his hands before he was flat on his back; and every time he tried to stand up he got another dose of the same medicine, till it was over."

In less than five minutes Teddy was the conqueror, without a scratch, and Skip, lying at full length on the stable-floor, was howling frantically for some one to "hold that Saranac jay!"

"He has n't thumped you half enough!" Sid Barker said angrily to the prostrate bully. "What are you yellin' like that for? Teddy ain't anywhere near you! To think that we fellows have let you pretty nigh run this town for as much as a year, when you would n't fight a mouse, unless you got the first clip at him!"

After a time Skip was made to understand that Teddy had no idea of administering more punishment, and he was about to scramble to his feet, when the boy from Saranac stopped him by saying:

"Part of what I came here for was the dollar you stole, and as soon as you give that up the row will be over; but you don't leave this place till I get it."

"I have n't kept a cent! Reddy an' Sid got the same as I did!" Skip cried, cringing now as shamefully as he had ever bullied.

"All I know is that you took it, an' you 've got to give it up," Teddy remarked decidedly.

"I'll let you have some to-morrow," Skip replied with a whine.

"We've come here to settle matters," Teddy insisted, "an' this is the place to square up. I can't afford to lose another morning's work on account of you."

Skip finally found eighteen cents, and then tried to borrow the rest from those whom he had counted as friends; but not one of his late admirers would have anything to do with him. He had shown himself to be a coward as well as a bully, and now his bitterest enemies were

be very queer if I should have somethin' to say 'bout the fire we saw last night."

"I'll pay back every cent just as soon as I can get it," Skip wailed.

"You'll have till to-morrow night," said Teddy firmly; "but no longer. I don't think there's any need to tell you what'll be done if you try to bother Carrots or me again."

Then, although many of Skip's friends were eager to cultivate his acquaintance, Teddy left the barn in the same quiet way he had entered; and Carrots followed close behind, saying, when

they were where the words could not be overheard:

"Well, Teddy, who'd 'a' thought you was such a fighter?"

"But I'm not!" Teddy replied sharply. "I don't believe in that sort of thing; but the way matters were going I thought it was somethin' that had to be done."

"And you did it in great shape!" Carrots insisted. "Even if we never get another cent of our dollar back I'll be satisfied, 'cause that bully Skip's done for in this town now. He can't scare any more

fellows—an' I reckon all Teenie Massey said about that Brooklyn fight was true."

"Don't let's talk of it, Carrots. I'm goin' to work, an' you'd better do the same, 'cause we've got a mighty big contract on our hands now, with so much rent to pay, an' a clerk to feed."

Carrots would have liked nothing better than to have remained there discussing all the incidents of the short battle during the next hour or two; but Teddy put an end to the talk by hurrying away for a stock of papers, and the bootblack could do no less than go in search of customers.

He had every chance to talk about Teddy's



"WHAT ARE YOU YELLIN' LIKE THAT FOR?" SAID SID."

those with whom he had seemed most popular. Teddy soon understood that Skip had told the truth, and that he could not regain the whole amount stolen. So he said as he took the eighteen cents on account:

"This will do for now; but you've got to come up with the balance by to-morrow night, or there'll be trouble. While you were talking so loud about pounding me it would have looked as if I was scared an' did n't dare to do anything but go to the police, if I'd had you arrested. But now that every fellow knows how much your brag amounts to, I'll have you right into court if the money is n't paid at the time I said. While I'm in court it would n't

pro prowess during the remainder of that day, however.

Every boy who knew Skip had something to say about the fallen bully; and, naturally, such remarks were followed by praise for Teddy, who had settled his troubles in such a business-like fashion.

Teenie Massey was so excited because of Skip's downfall that it was almost impossible for him to attend to any business during the next twenty-four hours. He told the story over and over again to such of his friends as were so unlucky as not to have witnessed the great combat.

None of Carrots's friends saw Skip during the remainder of that day; he disappeared from view as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, and there was no sorrow because of his absence.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROSPERITY.

If Teddy believed that his new admirers would allow him to go on quietly with his business immediately after punishing Skip Jellison, he was mistaken.

The bully had terrorized the bootblacks and newsboys who pursued their callings in the vicinity of the City Hall, during the previous year, without having been called upon to defend himself against one of his own size and strength.

As a matter of course it had been necessary to engage in several fights for the purpose of sustaining his reputation as a "dangerous character"; but he had always been careful to attack some boy smaller than himself, or, as in the case of his first assault upon Teddy, had contented himself with striking two or three blows suddenly when the victim could be taken unawares.

Until the day when Teenie Massey brought the news from Brooklyn that Skip had been whipped by a boy not more than half his size, every fellow believed Master Jellison to be bold, and skilful in the use of his fists.

Even then, most of Skip's followers fancied Teenie had colored the story to suit his own purposes. They were willing to give the bully the benefit of the doubt, and consequently the

surprise of all was very great that Teddy had vanquished him so easily.

Since Teddy's victory, however, the opinion of every street merchant in the vicinity of Skip's usual haunts was that he "could not fight a little bit," and no one was silent on the subject.

The newspaper business was much neglected that morning in order that the details of the battle might be told to those who were not present; and more than one gentleman with muddy boots wondered what had become of the small army of bootblacks who were usually so eager for work.

Teddy's praises were warmly sung; for even Skip's most intimate friends felt a certain sense of relief now that his reign was over.

"That fellow has got plenty of sand!" Sid Barker said, admiringly, after he had repeated his story of the bully's downfall for at least the twentieth time; "an' I think we ought to tell him just how we look at this thing."

"Do you s'pose he 'll get his money back?" Teenie asked, in his shrill voice.

"Not a bit of it! Skip never 'll show up 'round here again; an' if he did, how 'll he raise the cash?"

"He says you an' Reddy got a share."

"I won't say that we did n't," Sid replied, promptly; "an' I 'm goin' to give Teddy back my part before noon."

"So am I," Reddy added. "I 've got it now, an' am willin' to hunt him up this minute, if you say the word."

"Come on," Sid replied, as he started in the direction of South Ferry, for it was well known by all that Teddy was doing business in that part of the city.

As a matter of course every fellow who heard this offer was eager to be present when the payment was made to Teddy, and the crowd of newsboys who marched down Broadway was so large as to attract considerable attention.

When the small army arrived at the head of Cortlandt Street, Carrots met them; and, it is needless to say, he halted in astonishment and some alarm.

His first thought was that Skip's friends had come together for the purpose of taking revenge upon the boy who had chastised the bully, and he remained motionless an instant, wondering

whether it would not be the better part of valor to seek safety in flight.

A hail from Sid soon dispelled his fears.

"Come on, Carrots! We're goin' down to find your pardner, so 's to kinder square things. You 'd better come too."

"What do you mean to do?" Carrots asked, as he joined the throng.

"They're goin' to give him back part of the money Skip stole," Teenie squeaked; "an' then I reckon he'll work up 'round the City Hall."

A few moments previous to this meeting it had seemed to Carrots as if he desired nothing more, because he was part-owner of a stand, and Skip's tyrannical reign had come to an end; but now, if such a thing could be possible, he was even more elated than before, and all idea of business was forgotten as he followed those who, but a short time previous, were his enemies.

It was a regular triumphal march for the amateur farmer, and the promises of friendship from every side gave him much pleasure.

"I knew you fellows would like Teddy when you got acquainted with him," he said gleefully.

"It would n't have taken us long to find that out if he 'd started in different," Reddy Jackson replied. "Why did n't he pitch right inter Skip the first thing?"

"How could he when he got in the station-house?" said Carrots. "He would n't 'a' let Skip get away, then, if that policeman had n't been there."

"But after he got out there was n't anything done," Sid objected.

"You could n't expect him to jump into trouble again right away. He had to wait so 's to fix things, an' then he came out like a little man."

"That 's a fact; an' now he can go into any part of this town that he likes."

Carrots was strongly tempted to add to the glory of the march by telling the story of the stand; but he remembered that as yet his word was pledged to his partner, and remained silent.

When the party reached South Ferry, Teddy was found hard at work; and, like Carrots, he was at first inclined to believe the advancing force boded evil for him. But Sid Barker said, as he handed Teddy twenty-five cents:

"What Skip Jellison told 'bout our havin' some of your money was straight; an' so we've

come here to give it up. Here 's all I got, an' if I 'd know 'd what you really were, the money would n't 'a' been kept so long as this."

"An' here 's my share," Reddy added as he slipped another coin into Teddy's hand.

"But it was Skip who stole the money," the boy from Saranac said with some confusion; "an' he ought to give it back."

"I reckon you won't see him very soon," said Reddy. "Skip has n't got the nerve to show his face round here ag'in, for he knows nearly every fellow has something against him. We used the money he gave us, so it 's no more 'n right we should give it back."

"An' you 'd better work round City Hall," Reddy added. "You're a dandy, an' if there 's anything we can do to help you along, just say the word!"

Teddy protested that business was good enough near the ferries to warrant his remaining where he was; but his new friends would listen to nothing of the kind.

They insisted so strongly on Teddy's going with them, that he was finally forced to yield, and not until the party were marching up Broadway did Carrots get a chance to speak privately with his partner. Then he whispered:

"Why not tell them about the stand? They're all glad 'cause you thumped Skip, an' we need n't be 'fraid any more that they'll try to make trouble for us."

"I 'd rather have waited till we had a bigger stock, an' you 'd paid for the chair," said Teddy; "but I s'pose the best way is to give the news out now, 'cause they're bound to see the place before long. You can tell 'em."

Carrots felt very proud when he announced the fact that he and Teddy "had gone inter business *reg'lar*"; and he concluded by inviting every member of the party up to see the stand that evening.

The one incident of this triumph which did not please Teddy, was the fact that he was forced to waste so much time, when he might have been adding to his capital; but there did not seem any way to prevent it, and he submitted with the best grace he could.

As a matter of course, every member of the party promised to visit the partners' establishment before nightfall, and after the news had

been thoroughly discussed several times more, most of the young merchants went about their business.

Teddy never worked harder than during the remainder of that day, and no one can blame him for being secretly proud of the victory he had won.

To describe the informal reception held by Messrs. Thurston & Williams on this evening would be too great a task.

From five o'clock in the afternoon until late at night the stand was the center of attraction for all Teddy's, Carrots's, or Skip's acquaintances; and Master Williams fairly outdid himself as host.

He explained what they meant to do; showed

"Well, Carrots, I reckon we 're here to stay this time!"

"Yes, sir! I reckon we are; an' now I 'm beginnin' to think it won't be such a dreadful long while before we get a store. Say, that 'll be great, won't it? I can have my chair inside when it storms; an' what a place we 'll rig up to sleep in! I 'll know what a bed feels like then, an' it won't be all ropes, same 's that one out to the farm."

Teddy was too nearly asleep to be capable of making any reply, and Ikey had been snoring several moments. Therefore Master Williams giving up his attempt at conversation laid his red head on his arm, and joined his companions in their journey to the Land of Nod.



"CARROTS DISPLAYS THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. THURSTON AND WILLIAMS."

the new chair which they had bought; described how the establishment would look when the new coat of green paint was put on, and received more offers of assistance in this artistic work than he could well accept.

The partners were thoroughly tired when the last guest took his departure, and Teddy said in a tone of satisfaction as he curled himself up on his portion of the straw:

It seems hardly necessary to say that Skip has not been seen since his friends forsook him in the stable where his reign as a bully came to an end; and even those to whom he owes money have felt no regret because of his long absence.

It is quite likely some of the fellows whom he bullied would like a short interview for the purpose of "squaring accounts"; but, since Mas-

ter Jellison is well aware of this fact, he will probably remain in seclusion.

It is a matter of fact that every satisfactory story ends only when the principal characters are settled in life, rich and happy; but, unfortunately, that cannot be in this case, for it is not many months since the day on which Skip was conquered, and in so short a time one could hardly expect the young merchants to have made very rapid strides toward wealth.

There is a great difference in the appearance of the stand, however. It has had at least two coats of the most vivid green paint Carrots could purchase; and at one end stands the chair—all paid for—with so much brass-work about it as to render it quite dazzling on a sunny day.

Carrots feels very positive it "lays 'way over the Italian's," and in this he is correct.

Ikey still holds his position as clerk, although

his lame leg is healed, and he can run about the streets as nimbly as either of his employers. Teddy and Carrots decided several weeks ago that it would pay them to hire a clerk regularly, since both could then go around town in search of customers when trade was dull nearer to the stand; and Ikey receives as wages his board, his lodging, and fifty cents each week, a great improvement over his former state, when he was forced to seek such locations for business as the other boys did not want.

Carrots still dreams of the "reg'lar store," and there appears to be no reason why his hopes may not be fulfilled.

The amount of capital is larger each day, thanks to the partners' industry, and their stock is increasing too; therefore they will be able to make quite a respectable showing when they move into more roomy quarters.

Few firms seem likely to be more prosperous than that of "TEDDY AND CARROTS."

THE END.

CLOUDLAND.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

IN Cloudland, once, a chapel rose,
The body all of lily-blows,
And sunbeams for the steeple;
Blest folk were entering, left and right,
And everywhere went dancing light
Between the pretty people.

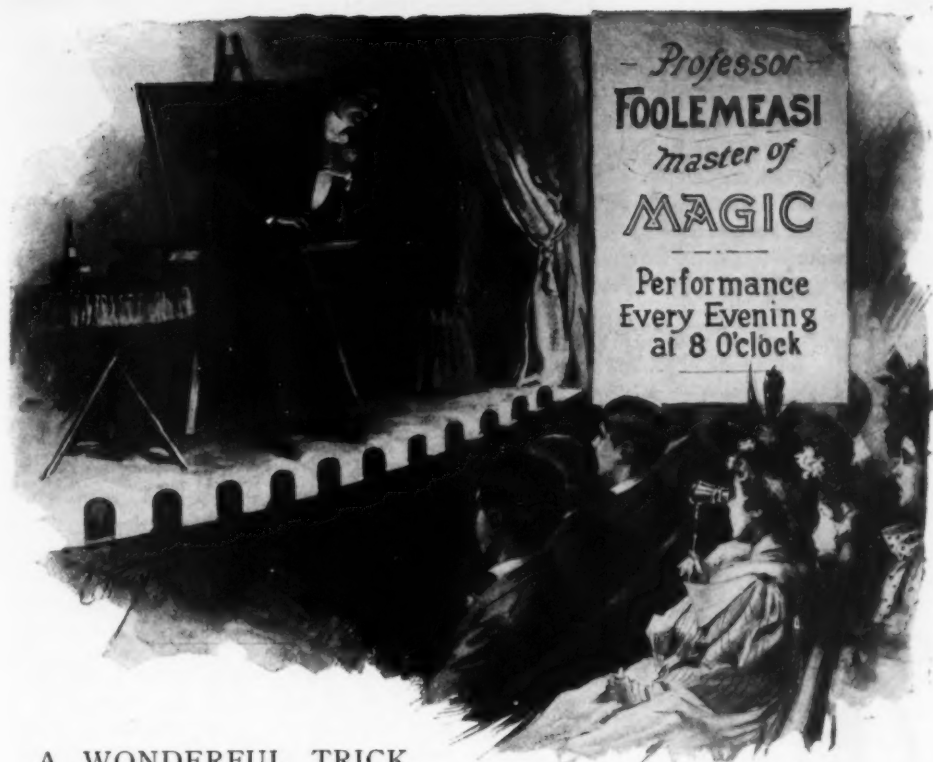
On they glided, two by two,
Over the dove hues and the blue,
As never folk before;
The bloom of June shall never win
The lovely tints that fluttered in:
Four cherubs closed the door.

A little turning of the eye,
And, deeper in the curving sky,
Lay moored a floating city;
The fairy roofs, the amber wall—
That earth has not those glories all,
Ah, more and more 's the pity.

Calm lay the city; farther down,
Hard by a little lilac town,
A host engaged in battle;
Such plumes and horses had each knight!
Never before so dire a fight,
With neither shout nor rattle.

The dainty chapel swinging there,
The city floating in the air,
The knights with plumes a-flying,—
Such loveliness, it well might make
The baby angels stay awake
Till the morning stars were dying.

But now, but now, a touch of gray,
And every sunbeam slipped away,
And with them went the steeple;
The chapel sank, the city passed,
The warriors faded, and, at last,
The pretty, pretty people!



A WONDERFUL TRICK.

BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

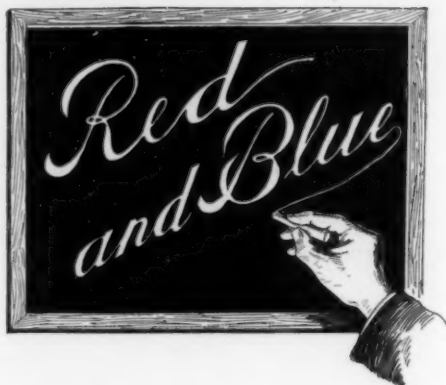
THE young magician bowed
To the crowd.
"Observe, my friends," said he,—
"Pray observe me, carefully.
You perceive
I have neither cuffs nor mustache to deceive."
Then after further talk,
Such as conjurers all use
When an audience they amuse,
He produced a piece of chalk—
Just a common piece of chalk—
Snowy white;
And he said: "My first endeavor
Is a trick that's really clever."
(Sly old fellow!)

"You observe this chalk is white.
Well, now, I will with it write
Any color named by you,—
Red or green or pink or blue,

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Brown or yellow."
 Here he paused; then some one said:
 "I choose red!"
 And some one: "Blue!"
 "I will write, my friends, the two,"
 Said the pres-ti-dig-i-ta-tor.
 And he did! So could you.
 For all you have to do
 Is to write
 In letters white:



LIEUTENANT HARRY.

(An Episode of the War of the Rebellion.)

BY THOMAS EDWIN TURNER.



At the close of a cold, dreary day in the winter of 1861-62, a boy, thirteen years old, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant, and riding a high-mettled dapple-gray pony, was making his way rapidly toward the Federal headquarters

which were then situated at Tipton, Missouri.

While the willing little steed galloped cheerily onward, its rider hastily bolted large pieces of gingerbread. The boy was followed by a mounted orderly. On reaching his destination, Harry, for so we may call him, dismounted, threw his bridle-rein to the orderly, and rushed into the house, almost overturning a guard placed at its main door. Making a dash at a smaller door to the right of a spacious hall, he flung it open, and, with snapping eyes, glowing cheeks, breathless from rapid movement, and overfilled mouth, was in the presence of the commander of the First Division of the West. Hastily swallowing the last bit of gingerbread, the boy exclaimed:

"Let me go, father; please do!"

"Let you go where?" the boy's father asked.

"I don't know where," the son answered; "but I heard out at camp you were going to send Major Gray and his company of cavalry somewhere to-night, and I want to go with them. I am not a baby. All the men in our command say I can ride any horse, in or out of it; and I stood the march toward Springfield when a lot of officers and men gave out. It was all day and all night work for sixty hours, with hardly one hour's rest in six."

And here the lad, who had been talking very fast, and with great earnestness, appealed to his sire, who smilingly replied:

"Soldiers should not boast, my boy. I have concluded to send you with Major Gray to-night. More than that, I shall place *you* in command."

"Hooray for—thank you, sir!" he cried; "but where are we to go?"

"That I will tell you in two hours, when you report with your command for orders. Major Gray and his company are to be here at eight o'clock. So go back to camp, and prepare for your journey. Use a fresh mount. You had better ride my brown mare."

"Yes, father"; and the boy hastened away to make preparations for the great undertaking.

While he is so engaged, as you may be curious to know, I will tell you how this mere child came to be in the army instead of in school with other patriots of his own age.

After the father became colonel of his regiment, his physician, who was chosen surgeon of the same regiment, expressed the opinion that it might benefit the poor health of the colonel's son if the latter was permitted to accompany his father to the South. It was decided to follow the good doctor's advice, and the result was all that could be desired; for Harry, now the picture of health, served as a member of staff, performing the duties devolving upon a staff-officer, although not sworn into the service, and, of course, not receiving government pay.

At eight o'clock in the evening of this red-letter day in the life of our hero, a company of cavalry was drawn up in line before the headquarters in Tipton. Its commander, Major Gray, was in conference with his chief, within doors, while the young lieutenant, wrapped in the regulation army-overcoat, and mounted on a large brown horse of great speed, occupied a position at the head of the line of cavalry.

The major, accompanied by General T—, soon came from the house. Approaching the boy, the general said:

"With Major Gray's consent, I put you in command of this expedition. You are to go to Versailles, reaching there as near the break of day as possible. Post men on all roads entering the town, to prevent escape of the enemy out of it, and to warn you of his approach. Search each house in Versailles, and bring in any men bearing arms against us, or concealing themselves. Whatever you do, keep near Major Gray, and when in doubt be guided by him."

Here the speaker and the major exchanged significant glances. Then the general turned away, saying:

"I wish you a speedy and successful journey. Good night, sir." And answering the salute received as he ended his instructions, he was soon within the house again.

For some reason or other, now that the boy was fairly in for it, his courage and confidence began to desert him. An hour before it seemed easy enough, a simple thing, to maneuver a whole division. *Now* he did n't know what

to do with a single company. He knew he ought to be off, but how to move that company of men floored him. Something must be done. So he shouted in desperation: "Left wheel! By twos! Forward, march!" uncertain whether those were the proper orders to bring about the movement he desired. Right or wrong, the words started his little command in the right direction, and this success set self-confidence on its legs again.

As he was the only one of the entire party who had ever been over the road from Tipton to Versailles, Major Gray informed him this was the reason for his being sent in command of the little force that was to find it. He had only once been in Versailles, and the journey there was made during daylight, with a large detachment of his father's division. And having paid no particular attention to the route, the truth was he knew little about it. And now the snow began to fall quietly, steadily, as if it meant to continue a long time, soon covering the earth with a fleecy robe that reflected just light enough to reveal how deep the gloom had been without it. It muffled the sound of hoofs, leaving the night, if possible, more noiseless than before. The very horses of the party understood that they were going to have a bad night of it, and, with an air of patience worthy of imitation, relaxed their pliant ears, letting them fall far back on their crests, thrust down and out their muzzles, and, humping their backs, settled down to an I'm-in-for-it gait that could be depended on for hours.

A little after eleven o'clock, however, changing to glance far ahead, Harry saw something that made him regret he was acting in the capacity of leader. What his eyes fell upon that caused this disturbance of mind were simply: "Forks ahead!" where the road they were on branched off into three prongs, going in as many different directions. What should he do? For, to confess the truth, he did not know which of the three branches was the proper one to take in order to reach Versailles. Riding close at Major Gray's side, rising in his stirrups, and leaning as far toward his companion as the position permitted, the lad in a low tone said:

"Major Gray, I don't know which of those three roads we ought to take; but have mercy



"MAJOR GRAY, WITH THE BUTT OF A NAVY REVOLVER, RAPPED VIGOROUSLY UPON THE DOOR."

on me, and don't tell your lieutenants or the men!"

"You don't know the road?" the major answered. "Try to remember the way you went going down here before."

"I can't; for I fail even to remember ever seeing the forks before," said the boy.

By this time the forks were reached, and in a moment the little band was at a standstill, and the kind-hearted major said in a low, clear voice that reached every ear in the troop:

"We know one of these roads will take us to Versailles, but another may be more direct, so we will try to get information or a guide from the cabins yonder. Wait here until Lieutenant Thorn and I return."

Now "Lieutenant Thorn," as our hero was called, had seen no sign of any habitation, but the major's keen eyes had caught a glimpse of three or four rude log huts a little distance down the road that led off to the left. Approaching one of the cabins, Major Gray, with the butt of a navy revolver, rapped vigorously upon its door of split logs. A voice inside the cabin cried:

"Who 's thar?"

"Officers of the army," shouted the major.

"Which side be you uns on?"

"On the outside, you blockhead!" returned the matter-of-fact major.

"That 's enough. Ye 're Yanks," said the first speaker. "Now what do you uns want?"

"A guide to Versailles; we want one quick, so tumble out," was the answer.

"If you uns want to get to Versailles, take that 'ere right-hand track."

"No, you don't," shouted the major; "you must come with us. So stop talking, and come out of there in short order."

And in a few moments a door in the rear was opened, and a voice cried:

"Kim on; I will go with you uns."

They came upon a boy seemingly about sixteen years of age, who, as they reached him, closed the door in which he had been standing awaiting the coming of the two officers. The latter saw at a glance that tracks had been made through the snow from the dwelling-house to the buildings back of it. So the major's first words to the boy were:

"Who left this cabin while I was talking to your father?"

"Nary one, stranger," was the boy's answer.

"How came those tracks in the snow, then?" he was sternly asked.

"Oh! when you uns first came up, dad was sartin you uns was arter the stock, and he sent me out, quietly like, to slip their halters and let 'em tuk for the bush."

There was nothing to do but accept the explanation, hoping, yet doubting, it was true.

In a short time the guide caught, saddled, and bridled a long-haired, hungry-looking brute, and mounting it, he followed the major and his young companion to the spot where the company of cavalry awaited them.

The major hurriedly explained to his officers, and turning to the guide, said: "See here, young man; I want you to take us to Versailles by the most direct road you know. If you do so you will be paid for your time and trouble; but if you play us false I will have you shot. Now, if you understand me, lead on."

The person so addressed turned his horse's

head down the road leading to the right, Major Gray and the young lieutenant riding one on each side of him. With the two other officers directly behind them, closely followed by their men, the march was resumed.

It was now midnight, and the little band rode silently onward, scarce a word being spoken. The young guide appeared to act in good faith, and led the way without hesitation.

All things must end, sooner or later, even Missouri roads and hours of snow and rain. As the welcome break of storm and day came to warm and cheer the cold and weary horsemen, Versailles appeared in the distance. It lay at the summit of a gentle rise of ground, the road leading with a long and almost imperceptible ascent to the very center of the town. As soon as Harry saw the village, he tightened his bridle-rein, struck his spurs into his horse, and with as ferocious a yell as he could command, dashed far ahead of his comrades and into the Southern town. He dropped one of his reins, and lost his cap, but that was picked up by one of the men and restored. As he shot past one of its subur-



"WITH AS FEROCIOUS A YELL AS HE COULD COMMAND, HARRY DASHED FAR AHEAD OF HIS COMRADES."

ban dwellings, a window was thrown up with a crash, and a man hurriedly thrust out a rifle, and discharged it. The boy heard something flying behind and beyond him, singing *zip!* and at the same moment Major Gray roared "Don't shoot! It is only a boy!" And then turning short around a corner, our young lieutenant was soon in the public square of Versailles, surrounded by his companions.

In the center of this area was, of course, the court-house, the pride of law-abiding citizens. This building was surrounded by a low railing that bore the initials of many a whittler. To this railing three horses were hitched, saddled and bridled. Standing in front of a store were a dozen men and boys.

At Major Gray's suggestion, the young lieutenant ordered the men to form a line facing their captors, and surrender their arms to him. The first command being speedily obeyed, our hero rode up to each prisoner and obtained his weapons, and a strange collection was made.

Among the captives were three who were evidently soldiers of the Southern army. On being questioned, these men admitted that they belonged to General Price's army, but would divulge neither their rank nor names. One of them appeared to be an educated man and a gentleman. His demeanor was cool, haughty, and fearless. He seemed ashamed of the cringing, frightened condition of most of his companions.

Major Gray then detailed parties of three to search for men and arms in the houses of the town. Harry claimed, and his claim was granted, the right to lead one of these parties.

As he was setting out to perform his self-imposed duty, Major Gray said to him:

"During your absence I shall be at the hotel, where I intend to have our party take breakfast. I shall ask the three Southern soldiers to be our guests, as I am confident one of them at least is an officer of no mean grade. So join me there when you have made your search."

Feeling that already he had displayed generalship to be favorably compared with Napoleon's crossing the Alps, the young lieutenant, with his two men, a sergeant and a corporal, prepared to carry by storm or strategy the only castle known in America—the dwelling-house

of one of her citizens. He mounted the steps of the most pretentious house in his district, and boldly pulled the door-bell. After repeating this operation two or three times, applying increased strength to each repetition, finally the door was flung wide open, and there stood a lady clad in black. Her hair was black, her eyes were blacker, and the expression of her face was blackest. This somber female looked at the boy a moment, and then asked:

"Do you want a bell?"

"No, ma'am. Why?" said he.

"Oh, when you first rang I thought some one needed a door-bell, and had concluded to take mine; but, before reaching here, I decided it was not a bell, but the whole house, you were going to take. Now, what *do* you want?"

It must be confessed that this reception was not what the young lieutenant expected, and for a moment it staggered him. But he drew himself up to his full height of four feet eleven inches, allowed the left hand to rest gracefully on his knightly sword-hilt, and, his face beaming with a conciliating smile as he assumed the air of a humble and unwilling instrument in the hands of Uncle Sam, he proceeded to answer the lady's last question thus:

"Madam, these are war times. It pains me to inform you that my duty compels us to search your house from top to bottom. I would spare so fair a lady, if it were in my power; but my orders from our commanding officer cannot be disobeyed. So please lead the way, and we will annoy you as little as possible."

Here the lady to whom this grandiloquent address had been directed, struck dumb with amazement at the boy's words and air of condescension, recovered her speech. Her face was flushed and her black eyes flashed dangerously as she screamed:

"Hold your tongue, you impudent little peacock, or I'll box your ears! Why does a baby like you wear uniform? Have n't the Yankees men enough? If your commanding officer wants anything of me, let him send a man, not a stuck-up doll like you. Run home, now, as fast as your little legs will carry you, and tell mama to trounce you soundly for impertinence to a lady old enough to be your grandmother!"

Never was humiliation so withering, so blight-

ing, so complete. The boy would have given worlds to have exchanged his uniform for his roundabout and breeches and the slouch hat in his room at his far-away Northern home. In a somewhat tremulous voice, it must be confessed, the young lieutenant thus answered his derider:

"Madam, I may be a peacock and a doll. It is easy to mistake one's self. I imagined you were the lady you claimed to be; but, so long as even your dress is like that of my mother and sisters, we will not be rude, unless you compel it. My 'little legs' are going over this house from cellar to garret, and if you won't show us the way, I will send you to the hotel with Corporal Sands, where we have some other prisoners. I am big enough to tell you this, and to do it."

Scowling darkly, the woman replied:

"Come on, you little brute! Oh, how I wish I had you alone ten minutes!"

Truth to tell, "the little brute" was very glad to escape a private interview with the irate woman.

I have not time to tell you of the exploration the lieutenant and his men made in that house. It is a story by itself. But explore it they did, most thoroughly.

Soon after the little search-party left the house and went back to the hotel, where the leader asked Major Gray to appoint another to fill his place, saying: "I guess I can serve my country better here, Major, than poking over other people's houses."

The major laughingly agreed with this sage decision, and at the same time complied with the boy's request.

When the three parties had finished their duties and returned to the hotel, reporting that no concealed men or arms had been found, preparations for the return to Tipton were made. It was decided to retain as prisoners only the three men known to be Confederate soldiers.

The prisoners occupied a position in the center of the company. There was something about the most distinguished-looking of the three that greatly attracted our hero, and from time to time he would ride for a moment or two at the former's side. The boy, too, seemed to interest and amuse the captive, who at length,

calling to Major Gray, asked if there was any objection to the boy's remaining at his side during the journey. Being answered in the negative, the two became traveling companions.

It did not take long for the Southerner to draw from our hero his whole story. But while seemingly doing his share of the talking, he gave his young companion very little information about himself.

As the afternoon wore away, and the shadows grew longer and longer, the cold began to make itself felt. The young lieutenant's new friend drew about him a short gray cloak that at the time of his capture in the morning was hanging on the pommel of his saddle, where he had thrown it while he left his horse fastened to the railing in front of the courthouse. Something heavy in this cloak, as he threw it about him, struck his horse's shoulder with a dull sound. The boy quickly looked up into his companion's face. For a moment the unknown prisoner seemed buried in deep thought. Then, turning to the lad, he said:

"Lieutenant, did you secure *all* of our weapons this morning?"

"All you had about you *then*," was the answer.

The prisoner smiled, and continued: "I want to give you something to keep for me until the fortunes of war bring it back to my hand. You must not lose it, must not give it away, and you must keep it about your own person while in the army. Will you do this?"

The boy promised.

Whereupon the prisoner drew from a deep pocket in the lining of his gray cloak the most beautifully chased silver-mounted revolver one can imagine. Handing it to the young lieutenant, its owner said:

"Be sure I shall some day take it back again."

The boy, delighted beyond expression at his gift, made no reply beyond a simple "Thank you"; but added mentally, "No, you won't take it back. I'll keep it to show the boys at home—the beauty!"

The tired little force was now approaching Tipton. As the young lieutenant's friend saw houses in the distance, he said:

"You will soon be with your father again, and I for one am glad of it. Some one *did*

leave the cabin you stopped at last night. It was the elder brother of your guide. He went straight to Versailles after escaping from the house, reaching there an hour before you did. He warned those to fly whose capture by you and your men would have hurt our army more than I dare tell you. While you were searching houses, I sent the guide that brought you to Versailles to hurry up certain men of ours, not far off, to our rescue. I am glad you did not change your road or stop at the house of any of our friends for refreshment; for if that had been done you would be the prisoner now. My boy, I am glad, for *your* sake only, that we have reached Tipton without bloodshed. Remember, I shall recover my revolver from you. Enjoy it while you can. Good-by, good-by." And shaking the lad's hand warmly, with a kind, sad smile softening the hard lines in his face, he turned away. Harry never spoke to him again. Resuming his position at Major Gray's side, the company, with jingling sabers and clinking curb-chains, trotted up to the headquarters.

In a moment our hero, with his arms full of trophies, was in his father's room.

"See, see," the boy cried, "what I have captured, and a lot more outside! There are three prisoners and three horses. One of the men is a general, I am sure. He gave me a revolver for myself. And I say, father, can I keep it?"

But by this time Major Gray came to his relief, and gave a hurried report of their journey. The general directed that the prisoners be taken to camp and placed under guard, promising to talk with his son's friend in the morning. He intimated that the three men would be at once sent to St. Louis for safe keeping. Harry was invited to spend the night in his father's quarters, but declined, preferring to go to camp along with his company. So after obtaining permission to keep the silver-mounted revolver, the young lieutenant, bidding the officers good night, joined the company on their way to camp. His friend did not even look toward

him during the ride, but was busily engaged in conversation with Major Gray. The latter informed him, as our hero overheard, that his final destination would probably be St. Louis. Ere long the camp was reached, and our young lieutenant sought his tent, where a supper of hot coffee, with bacon, beans, and hardtack, was soon placed before him by his old friend and orderly, George. Harry related to the soldier his wonderful adventures, and, I can promise you, they lost nothing in the telling. He displayed with pride the handsome revolver, and intimated that his friend the donor would be very wide awake if he ever got it back again.

Shortly after supper the young officer concluded to turn in, and made his way to the cot in a corner of his tent, glad to lay his tired body between the warm blue blankets. Partly as a precaution, but mainly that he might see it first thing in the morning, he placed the unknown's gift beneath his pillow, and quickly glided into dreamland. Having reached that mysterious world, it was not surprising that he should dream. Dream he did, and most fantastically.

The sun was shining brightly when the boy awoke. He put his hand under his pillow to draw forth his revolver, that he might feast his eyes upon it. It was *not* there! Springing from his bed, he hurriedly dressed, and ran to the guards charged with the security of the three prisoners. Asking the sentinel on duty for his new-found friend, he was reassured by a nod of the soldier's head toward the prisoners' tent, a few feet distant. Approaching it, our hero thrust head and shoulders through one of the apertures between the loops holding its flaps closely together, and saw *two* prisoners calmly sleeping. *The rider of the sorrel horse, the owner of the fine revolver, the friend of yesterday, was not there!*

The young lieutenant never saw again the unknown prisoner, never saw again the silver-mounted revolver.

MARDIE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER.

"COME on, sis; we 're waiting for you!"

"Well, you can *wait*, then!"

"Say, are n't you going, honest Injun?"

"I 've said I was n't, once."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't choose to; that 's why."

"Are you sick?"

"No."

"Mad?"

"No."

"Well, what ails you, then? It 'll be the jolliest affair of the season. We won't have another such crust this winter. Come along!"

"Stop bothering me! When I say I 'm not going, I mean it. I hate sleighing. It 's just getting frozen and playing you like it. I 've said I would n't go, and I won't—so there!"

Teddy was on one side of the keyhole of Mardie's door, and she was on the other; and while they carried on this pleasant little conversation the big four-horse sleigh drew up in front of the house, and the twenty young people who were going off in it were waiting impatiently below, all bundled up like polar-bears.

"Is she going?" they asked eagerly as Teddy came slowly down the stairs; but he shook his head.

"Does n't want to. Come on, let 's be off," adding in a lower tone to his brother Harry, as they filed out to the sleigh, "My, but she 's cross! Crosser than two sticks. I wonder why she acts so, anyway. She spoils all our fun."

Ted's words were only too true. Mardie was inexcusably cross, and for several months had added little to the family comfort or pleasure. She had always been the odd one in the family, dreamy and artistic in temperament, while Ted, Harry, and Ethel were remarkable only for splendid health and fine spirits. Mardie liked to curl up in a chair and spend an afternoon wandering in enchanted lands with

Hawthorne or Dickens or Scott, better than going skating, and preferred sunsets to buckwheat cakes. In these ways she differed from the others, showing also a marked taste for writing; but up to the time when Miss Travers, society woman and writer as well, went to board in Denfield, Mardie was contented with her simple country life and as merry as the others, despite



"WITH HAWTHORNE OR DICKENS OR SCOTT."

the necessary economy which the family of a minister in a small country parish must practise.

But from the day when Miss Travers fell in

love with the girl's fresh beauty and artistic temperament, and took her for an intimate friend, Mardie was as one bewitched. The friendship of a woman of the world, so much older than herself, flattered the girl to such an extent that she began to feel she must be a very rare person indeed, and wholly unappreciated by her family, who seemed to think their own tastes and interests as important as hers; and her feeling of superiority was increased when at Miss Travers's suggestion she sent one of her stories to an editor, who by some lucky chance promptly accepted it.

That was conclusive. It proved to Mardie that she had a destiny beside which all other work and pleasure paled. The praise of Miss Travers, and her advice to go on working until some day she should wake to find herself famous, dazzled Mardie and intoxicated her. She wrote, she read, she dreamed, neglecting every duty and old friend, and scorning her mother's quiet counsel to go slowly. Of course the family were all delighted with her success, but that did not satisfy Mardie. She took it as a matter of course that they should praise her, acting as if she had done the family a great honor by being a member of it, and every lapse on their part into interest in anything else besides her work and her career was resented.

Mrs. Humphreys, distressed at Mardie's sudden intimacy with the stranger, for it seemed to be spoiling her disposition, decided to go to Miss Travers and frankly tell her of the influence she was exerting over Mardie; but, on the very day when she made this resolve, a cablegram summoned Miss Travers abroad. With time for only a hurried farewell to her favorite, she went away, utterly unsuspecting of the mischief she had wrought in the Humphreys family.

After that Mardie was more trying to live with than ever. No one pleased her, everything annoyed her. She scorned old companions and quoted Miss Travers so frequently that the boys did not hesitate to say "they wished that woman had been drowned before she was born."

Mardie began to write more ambitious stories, with complicated plots in which titled foreigners, statesmen, and "society queens" played a prominent part; and then she sent them to

magazines and papers, and when they were "returned with thanks" she moped, remaining in such a mournful frame of mind that it cast a gloom over the household.

"James, I am firmly decided to accept Cousin Harriet's offer," Mrs. Humphreys said to her husband on the day of the sleighing party, and while Mardie was still shut in her room. "It will be the best thing in the world for her; and I want you to repeat to her what I shall say, too—that whatever expenses she incurs, you will expect her to repay you from the money she earns."

An amused smile lighted up Mr. Humphreys's face, and he was about to speak, but his wife interrupted him. "Yes, dear, I know what you would say; but trust me, I understand what I am doing. I shall go and tell her now."

Upstairs in Mardie's room the bright winter sun was streaming through the windows, the fire was crackling merrily, and the canary was chirping a happy refrain; but Mardie was deaf and blind to everything but herself. For a time she lay on the sofa, reading; then, throwing down her book, she went to the window and listlessly looked out at the snowdrifts piled on both sides of the broad street—drifts so high that fence-rails were lost to sight, and from end to end the street had almost the effect of a tunnel through the snow, the white houses bordering it seeming but drifts themselves.

"Stupid old hole!" she exclaimed to herself, and then listened as there came a knock at the door. No answer. Mardie was not in a humor to respond. A second knock, a third, then without waiting longer Mrs. Humphreys walked in and seated herself on the end of the lounge, while Mardie still gazed intently out of the window.

Dead silence. Suddenly Mardie turned and faced her mother.

"Well?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows. "What is it?"

"Margaret!" Gentle Mrs. Humphreys seldom used that name, and whenever she did Mardie knew that she was in danger of reproof. "Margaret, I wish to have a serious conversation with you. I—"

"For pity's sake, don't!" interrupted Mardie,

hurriedly. "Don't, mama; it won't do any good."

"My child, you are making us very unhappy by your conduct; do you know it?"

"Know it?" echoed Mardie. "I know that I am the unhappy one, and I should think you would pity me instead of blaming me. I think you might see how dreadful it is for me to be buried here, with no advantages, and no society, and no *anything*. I might as well have no talent, for all I can do with it. Can't go to college; can't travel; can't see any life except in this old place, where there are a lot of stupid people who know only about crops and their neighbors' business. If I could only *visit*, even, in a city, it would be better than nothing. It is wrong, it is dreadful, it is *wicked*—indeed it is! I could write fine stories, and make ever so much money, if any one would help me. I know I could. You can't understand how I feel, because you are contented here. What can I do? No one wants to read about a place like this. *Of course* my stories are returned, and I suppose they always will be."

Mrs. Humphreys had listened in absolute silence to this tirade, and she waited until Mardie had angrily flung herself into a chair, and the echo of her last words had died away. Then she spoke sternly and with decision, and looked fixedly into the girl's flushed face:

"You need not worry any more," she said. "It is a pity you wasted so many words. I came to tell you that you are to go to Cousin Harriet's in New York for the rest of the winter. There you will have regular hours for study and work, and a chance to see some people 'in society.' Your expenses you will of course repay to papa from the money you earn. You must improve this opportunity, for unless you can entirely support yourself, you will eventually have to come back to this 'old place' and the stupid people in it. You are to go next week."

Mardie's mouth and eyes opened wider and wider while her mother was speaking; and from utter astonishment she was silent, trying to realize the greatness of her good fortune.

"Oh-h-h!" she gasped at length. "I am? Oh, how perfectly heavenly! It is too good to be true, you blessed, darling mother!"

But Mrs. Humphreys evaded the caress that Mardie offered. "It is too late for that, Mardie," she said quietly. "Any one can be pleasant when she has what she wants."

There was severe reproof in her words, but Mardie was too excited even to notice it. Claspings her arms around her mother's waist, she repeated ecstatically:

"Now I shall do something. Oh, it is too good to be true!"

But it really was true, as Mardie realized on the following Wednesday, when she found herself alone, a stranger in a great, bustling, noisy city, being driven to the house that was to be her home for some time to come.

Cousin Harriet's house, with its luxurious appointments, her maids, and men-servants, the pretty daughter, a *débutante* of that season, the novel sights and sounds of the city, were all a revelation to Mardie.

What a bewildering, complex life it was that she had come to study!

This was her thought on the morning after her arrival, as she lay listening to the rattle and rumble in the streets, and the far-off echo of trains and whistles in the distance; and then she sighed as though, despite the daintiness of her surroundings, things were not exactly as she had expected.

To tell the truth, her arrival in the city had not made quite the stir she had counted on. She had rather expected to be received with an ovation, for when her story was published Cousin Harriet had written praising her cleverness, and Mardie had felt that her arrival would be an event. But she found that guests in the city were a matter of course, and talent and brilliancy as well. On that first bewildering night she felt, with a sinking at heart, that every one was clever, and possibly more so than herself. This gave her an unpleasant feeling of insignificance, as did the words which accompanied her hearty welcome,—*"Your mother's daughter is welcome, dear; she is a wonderful woman,"*—which sentiment she heard repeated on all sides. It annoyed Mardie greatly that she should have come to the city to be received cordially because of the merits of one of her family instead of for her own sake.



"'YOU WILL BE OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME, MARDIE, IF YOU SHUT YOURSELF UP SO PERSISTENTLY,' SAID HER COUSIN."

Cousin Harriet gave over to her a small fourth-story room in which she could write and study unmolested.

"You must make yourself as much at home as if you were my daughter, dear," she said. "Eloise and I are busy persons, and we shall have to accept many invitations in which you are not included; but I know you will not mind, since you will be so absorbed in your scribbling" (Scribbling, indeed!), "will you?"

And to this Mardie answered, with a confident toss of her head, "No, indeed, dear Cousin Harriet; not in the least. My work will be all-absorbing. I come to write about people, not to be amused. I intend to be the family

breadwinner." She was, nevertheless, a bit lonely; for the busy world around her went on as though she were not in it, and few who came to the house knew, or cared to know, of her literary aspirations. Her cousins were kindness itself to her, and she was taken to places of amusement and to see the sights as often as she could be persuaded to condescend to such trifles; but that was not often.

Once or twice her cousin remonstrated with her. "You will be old before your time, Mardie, if you shut yourself up so persistently," she urged. "How can you expect to write about the world if you never take time to see it?"

But Mardie answered patronizingly, "That

shows that you have never tried writing, Cousin Harriet. Writers have to lead a very different life from society people. They don't really need to see things; all they need is the 'atmosphere,' you know."

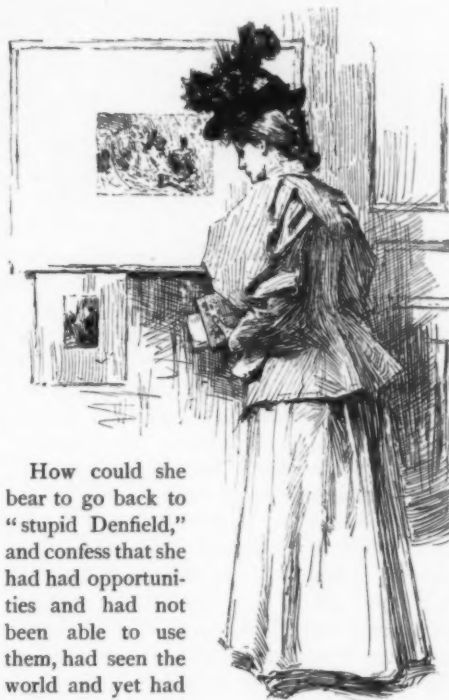
"Oh!" said Cousin Harriet, in an amused voice; and the subject was not mentioned again, nor were any more suggestions made to Mardie concerning her use of time; and she followed the dictates of her judgment without a comment from any one. Strange to say, however, this was more annoying to her than advice had been, and she was thoroughly miserable from "lack of appreciation," as she mentally called it.

The longed-for material was at her hand. She saw brilliant men and women constantly, as well as Eloise's gay young friends, who were always coming and going with the latest bit of society news or humor. She breathed a genuine city atmosphere, where life was a mad rush, where conversation flashed with repartee and jest, and where every moment of day and night was utilized to best advantage. And yet she could not write! The letters from home were short and told little news, but each one repeated the question, "What have you published? How much are you making?" and as the weeks went by the question became more and more humiliating to Mardie, and more and more often the words came to her mind, "Your expenses you will of course repay to papa from your earnings"; and at last, in despair, she made herself write, hastily putting on paper whatever came to her mind. She wrote stories, sketches, verses — about the city, its streets, its shops, the people. She used the society personages about her for heroes and heroines: working herself up at last to a degree of her old feeling of satisfaction in herself and contempt for the rest of the world.

Then, when she had quite a variety of work ready, she sent it out to several magazines, and waited expectantly for the harvest of checks, so sure of success that she even counted up what she would be likely to make, and indulged in several extravagances; and then, one by one, every poem and sketch and story was returned with a printed formula of polite regret! Over and over she sent them out, with genuine cour-

age, and tried not to wince when the long, fat envelopes promptly came back.

For the sake of criticism, finally, she read some manuscripts to Eloise; but her cousin was always in a hurry, and danced away declaring them to be "perfectly lovely," and Mardie gained nothing from her; Cousin Harriet hated to be read to, and would not take the time to decipher a page of Mardie's illegible writing; so whom to ask for help, the girl did not know. She began to be less sure of herself, to feel that perhaps there was something — some minor detail, of course — that might make her work salable, if she only knew what was needed. At times it suggested itself to her that perhaps she had mistaken her career, although she never confessed this weakness to any one.



LEAVING THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

How could she bear to go back to "stupid Denfield," and confess that she had had opportunities and had not been able to use them, had seen the world and yet had not become famous? She felt that she would not dare

to face her mother with the record of not having earned a cent. What should she do?

At last, one afternoon, acting on a sudden

impulse, she determined to go to an editor—a man for whom she had the greatest reverence as critic and successful writer as well—and ask his judgment on her work. Possibly, in the amount of material presented for reading her articles had been overlooked, and he would accept them after a personal interview. So, with a bundle of manuscripts in her muff, and more hope in her heart than she would have had if she had known the opinion of the gentleman regarding young writers who persisted in interviewing him, she started out. Fortunately for her, she ran across him in the hall of his building, and inquired of him in which of the many rooms she would find the editor. As it happened, it was a time when he was not very busy; he was in one of his blandest moods, and her fresh young face appealed to him; so he admitted his identity, and ushered her into his office.

Smiling rather grimly, he asked her errand, mentally exclaiming, "Hope it is n't poetry!—the poetical ones are the worst!" In a shaky voice she told him of her work, and of her disappointments, and that she was sure it was the fault of the public, and not of her writing; however, she would be very grateful if he would read one of her stories while she waited, and give his opinion of it. She amused and interested him, and he was rather curious to see her work; so, bowing assent, he took her proffered manuscript and withdrew to a chair by the window, and began to read very rapidly, while Mardie occupied herself with picturing his rapturous praise and her cool reception of it, when he should have finished. Presently, looking over the top of his glasses, he demanded:

"Have you any others with you?" And with a hand that trembled, in spite of her effort to seem calm and collected, she handed him the other sketches she had with her, and again he relapsed into silence.

At last, just as she had decided that he must be asleep,—he was so quiet,—he rose, and going over to a desk, took from it a volume, and then took a chair nearer to her, clearing his throat as he handed her back her manuscripts.

"My young friend," he said, "can you bear the truth?"

Mardie blushed and stammered, and finally

said that she supposed she could, and wondered what was coming next.

"Well, then," he said, "here it is. These stories are absolutely useless from a professional standpoint. They're not genuine. There is n't any perspective in them. To write about any side of life, you've first got to *live* it, hard and fast, and feel it to your very heart's core; or else you must have a creative imagination, which only one person in ten thousand has. My advice to you is to throw these things away, and begin again. You express yourself well, but, somehow, you've got hold of the wrong end of your art. Almost any one can express himself clearly, if he takes pains; but, you see, that does n't make a writer. All this stuff—pardon my brutality—about the conventional side of life has been written threadbare, and every editor is sick to death of it. In fact, it won't sell. The man who succeeds in literature nowadays has got to be willing to take time and probe below the surface of human nature, to *love* ordinary human beings—everyday mortals, mind you, not dukes and duchesses—enough to discover in *them* material for all the love-stories and heroic poems ever written. Now, here's a book just published"—glancing at the volume in his hand—"that is sure to live, and make its author famous. The woman lived *with* her characters and *for* them, until she understood just how their natures must work themselves out to be consistent with the human soul. Then after she had digested her knowledge, and got her perspective, she wrote their lives out in the simplest English; and she is going to reach the heart of the public, unless I am very much mistaken. Get the mainspring in order, and the watch will go—and, by the way, I must go myself; my spare time is up."

Into Mardie's hand he put the volume he had been holding, saying hurriedly:

"Keep it; it may be of service to you; and remember that, as a rule, the simplest stories are the best. I wish you success, and hope some time to accept some of your work. Good morning." With a courteous bow he ushered her out, and, before she knew it, Mardie found herself on the way up-town, bewildered, mortified, and forlornly conscious of failure.

There was no one at home, so she went directly to her "den," and sinking into a chair, began to read the new book. She did not stop to examine the title-page or frontispiece, but opened in the middle, and devoured page after page; and as she read she grew more and more astonished, and at length the book fell from her grasp as she gave herself a little shake, exclaiming aloud:

"Why, I knew those people; I could have written that!" And then an impulse made her turn to the title-page, and there she saw:

NEW ENGLAND SKETCHES,

BY

ANNA KEITH HUMPHREYS.

Her mother a writer!—on the way to fame!—adding to the family income by her work! Why, Mardie had laughed at her criticisms, had scorned her advice, and patronized her! She had thought that *her* fame would cover her mother with glory, and now the positions were reversed.

Mardie was tired, lonely, and discouraged; her mistakes loomed up before her mountains high; and the thought was not a pleasant one that, if she had only realized how to work, she might have been much nearer becoming successful than she was, even without her mortifying New York visit. Any number of funny exploits of the boys, and of quaint Denfield happenings came to her mind, that she might have practised on at home if she had been wiser. Then she fell to wondering what Denfield people were saying about the book, and how her mother was acting in her new rôle. All at once an almost overpowering desire came over her to see them all—to be in the midst of the rejoicing. A vision of the little mother as she had seen her many a time, mending and planning by lamplight, that Mardie might be ready for some merrymaking, came before her. She heard her voice, "My child, you are making us very unhappy by your conduct; do you know it?" She thought of Eloise's answer to one of her envious speeches. "Why,

Mardie," she had said, "I don't see why you call me so much more fortunate than yourself.



"MARDIE WAS TIRED, LONELY, AND DISCOURAGED."

I would give all my things to have your jolly country life with Ethel and the boys." Next she thought of Miss Travers, of her old friends and her old self; and then, the precious book tightly clasped in her arms, she flew downstairs to her cousin's room, half blinded from sitting so long in darkness, and flung the book in her lap, saying excitedly:

"Look at it! Look at it! I must go home right away! Next winter, if you will have me, I will come again and be more with you and Eloise. Oh, but I'm proud that she is my mother! I am going to be famous, after all!"

And the telegram despatched to Denfield that night read as follows:

Hurrah for Denfield! Expect old Mardie on three-o'clock train to-morrow. Other Mardie dead; killed by experience!

M. H.

THE PRIZE CUP.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXIV.

OSK OFFERS TO ASSIST IN THE SEARCH.

THERE was in the room an air-tight stove which particularly attracted Canton Quimby's attention. But though he explored it so far as to thrust a hand, and afterward his face, into it, and to poke a stick in the ashes and up into the stove-pipe, he made no discoveries.

As the search progressed and gradually became narrowed down to some unpromising rubbish, the light of expectation faded from Melverton's face, and he began to walk about, looking dubiously at the floor.

"We may have to pull up a loose board or two," he said.

"That's right; rip 'em up!" cried the old gran'sir. "Tear the shop down, if that will satisfy you."

He was evidently growing sceptical, and there was a tone of sarcasm in his speech.

"I don't think that will be necessary," the young man replied calmly. "We 'll try to leave everything in as good shape as we find it. See a movable board anywhere, Canton?"

And Canton Quimby murmured in his ear:

"I 'm afraid we 're barking at the wrong hole for your fox. That old heavy-weight is too willing. He 's leading us on a false scent."

"Think so?" And Fred gave a keen but puzzled look at the old man, who sat fanning himself with his tattered hat.

"There 's craft in that colossal turnip-head," his friend whispered. "I can see the cunning in his eyes. He 's shaking inside now, with a small earthquake of fun, to think how he has bamboozled you."

"I can't think it," said Melverton, although there was indeed a gleam of something like triumph in the broad Pudgwick visage. "Any-

how, I 'm not going to give it up yet. If we don't find it here, we 'll look in the barn below."

"Here 's somebody that can help you," called out the old man, as his grandson just then bounced into the room.

Having seen moving figures through the windows from below, and noticed the two bicycles at the gate, Osk had mounted the stairs two steps at a time, and hurried in to see what was going on in the old shop. At sight of Chief Hazel and the two young men, he stopped and stared.

"Why, I did n't know you had company, gran'sir!" he said, with a forced laugh.

"Well, I have, and I 'm glad you 've come to help entertain 'em," replied the gran'sir, tartly.

"What 's the powwow?" Osk inquired, with a brazen attempt to conceal his manifest embarrassment. "Think of buying gran'sir's shop?" he demanded impudently of Fred. "Going into the house-and-sign painting business?"

"Not while he has so industrious a grandson to succeed him," Fred answered.

"Good! a first-rate hit!" said Osk, with a nervous chuckle. "I owe you one!"

"Perhaps it will turn out that you owe me more than one," Melverton replied, without a smile. "I miss something from our place, and we have come here to look for it."

"Here?" said Osk, with an appearance of great surprise. "Perhaps I can help you; only I can't conceive what you 're talking about."

"Oscar!" said the old man, sternly, "if you know what 's good for yourself, tell a straight story. What did you bring up here from the woodshed in that tin pail three mornings ago?"

"That pail? I don't remember. Oh, yes!" said Osk, his pretense of bewilderment giving way to a very natural laugh. "I was going

a-fishing, or thought I was; and I had a pail for my lines and things, and to get my live bait in. But I did n't go."

"Now let *me* ask a question," said Fred.

"Ask away!" returned Osk, with gay audacity.

"Then please tell me,—what did you bring home under your coat-flap the night before, when some boys saw you come out of Elkins's orchard and get over the wall?"

Osk's assurance was shaken for a moment. But he rallied quickly.

"Then I suppose you had horned pout for breakfast, that morning, Mr. Pudgwick?" Fred observed.

"If I 'm to speak the truth," said the small voice at the top of the big chin, "there hain't been a horn' pout in my house this twelve-month."

"Course not," struck in the grandson, with resourceful mendacity. "Gram'er makes such a fuss dressing 'em, I concluded I 'd fling it to the pigs."

Fred exchanged amused glances with Can-



OSK ASSISTS IN THE SEARCH. (SEE PAGE 482.)

"The night before? Why, nothing—did—I? Oh, I know what you 're driving at!"—another laugh. "I had a horn' pout; but it was n't under my coat, not very much!"

"Was it a white one?" Fred asked.

"A white horn' pout!" Osk smiled at the fantastic suggestion. "I see what you mean. I had him in my handkerchief. I had just ketched him out of the river. You can ketch 'em only at night."

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ton Quimby, sitting quietly observant on a trestle. Chief Hazel, who was all the time listening attentively, whilst continuing his search, also smiled incredulously.

"So," said Fred, "after you had taken the trouble to lug it home, and soiled your handkerchief by putting it to so extraordinary a use, you flung your horned pout to the pigs!"

"Yes, I did," Osk declared stoutly. "It does seem funny; I don't wonder you laugh.

But when a fellow ketches a fine fish, he hates to throw him back; he naturally holds on to him as long as he can,—likes to show him and brag about him,—you know how it is yourself."

"But I have n't heard that you showed him to the boys who saw you getting over the wall, or bragged about him to them," said Fred.

A quick color came into Osk's habitually unblushing face.

"You think you've caught me there," he replied. "All right! A fellow'll take the trouble to brag to some, and not to others. If you don't believe me, you'll find the head and horns down there in the pig-pen now. Won't he, gran'sir?"

The old man gave a non-committal snort, which was probably all that Osk expected.

Fred went over to the trestle on which his friend sat, and asked, in a low voice:

"What do you think, Canton?"

"Gas-logs!" said Quimby, sententiously; from which allusion to the artificial brands that burn gas in some modern fireplaces Fred inferred an opinion not favorable to Osk's sincerity. "The old man with the Tower-of-Babel chin does n't take any stock in his stories, either. As a practical prevaricator, he beats t' other boy all hollow!"

"I can't see any movable boards," Fred replied; "and the chief is at his wit's end. Is there any use keeping on?"

"Yes, if only to go over the same ground again," said Quimby. "Do something; on with the dance! I'm trying to get behind that truth-destroyer's eye."

"Your grandfather has kindly granted us permission to search the premises," Fred said to Oscar.

"All right!" said Osk, cheerily. "Can't I assist? Only give me the slightest idea what you are hunting for."

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW OSK "ASSISTED."

THE floor-boards all seemed to be nailed down; the plastered walls showed no signs of a secret panel; and every object in the room had been examined. Chief Hazel stood with

his hands behind him, evidently convinced of the uselessness of further investigation.

Canton Quimby stepped forward, and looked carefully along the edge of the floor, behind the stove.

"Look here, Melf!" and he called his friend's attention to some flakes of soot, under the end of the funnel, where it entered the chimney. "You know the rule in whist?"

"What rule?" Fred asked.

"Follow soot!"

"You think—?"

"I'm sure!" his friend declared. "Twice I've seen that inventor of fables cast curiously anxious glances at the top-joint of the funnel. That called my attention to it. It has been taken out of the chimney quite lately; you see this soot is fresh."

He turned a sudden look on the grandson, who was watching them with a strangely intent expression.

"We'll have it down," Fred exclaimed aloud, and called Chief Hazel to his side.

While they were in consultation, Osk stepped smartly forward.

"That stove-pipe? want it down?" said he. "That's easy. I had it down only a short time ago, to clean it. I'll show you."

There was an upright stretch of pipe from the stove to an elbow, which connected with a short joint that entered the thimble, about seven feet from the floor. Canton Quimby, who had previously examined the stove and sounded the upright piece, was firmly convinced that the short joint would reveal something; nor was he to be deceived by Osk's obliging offer of assistance.

Chief Hazel was slow to take in the situation. Fred started to bring a box for him to mount upon; but before he could get it in place, Osk had set a stool at the other side of the stove, stepped up on it, and, with a fragment of newspaper in his hand, had seized the pipe near its junction with the chimney.

"I know just how it goes; I'll have it down for you in a second," he said, as he began to wrench the short horizontal piece, working it out of the thimble. "Here it comes!" He exposed the end, and slipped his newspaper over the sooty edge. "Now take care of the lower

part, and the stove!" he cried, making a show of tumbling the whole thing to the floor.

"Look out there!" Canton Quimby shouted.

He was not assisting, but he kept careful watch of every movement. He meant to call attention to what Osk was doing; but the outcry only caused Chief Hazel to look more closely to his own management of the lower part of the funnel.

Osk seized the opportunity to thrust his hand into the short section, reach some object, sweep it swiftly into the opening of the chimney, and drop it down the flue.

"Did you see that?" cried Quimby, springing eagerly forward.

Fred Melverton had looked up in time to detect the trick.

"I saw something wrapped in a newspaper go into the chimney!" he answered, excitedly.

"Did you?" said Osk. "You saw the piece of newspaper I was handling the pipe with. A draft of air sucked it in. Got my fingers smutched after all!"

"Young man," said Canton Quimby, in gleeful earnest, "you have talents of a high order. Put to some useful purpose, they would insure you a brilliant career. But they won't serve your turn here. Hand down that pipe!"

"Anything else?" Osk inquired, impudently.

The funnel was brought to the floor; and Quimby, tipping and turning it, shook out Osk's fragment of newspaper, which had *not* been sucked into the flue.

"Well? what are you going to do about it?" said Osk, his short, hooked nose thrust forward, and his eyes sparkling insolent defiance.

"Since you have answered some of my questions, I'll answer yours—and more truthfully," Fred Melverton replied, with an air of quiet determination. "I'm going to explore that flue to the bottom; get a mason to knock out the lower bricks, if there's no opening below; and, in the meantime, I'm going to ask Chief Hazel to take charge of you."

"All right," said Osk, promptly. "That's just what I'd do in your place. But you'll find you're very much mistaken as to the thing that went down the chimney; and, what's more, I can prove it."

"No doubt, you can prove almost anything,

if you have the chance," said Melverton. "It's to keep you from having chances that I ask the chief to take care of you. I'll go with you to Judge Carter's office, Mr. Hazel, and enter my complaint."

"Gran'sir," said Osk, with cool assurance, "will you come along, too, and be my bail?"

"No, I won't!" the old man exclaimed, fuming with wrath and indignation. "I've stood your bail and paid your fines too often. Now if you've got into a worse scrape than common, you may get out of it without any help from me."

"All right, gran'sir," said Osk, cheerfully. "T won't be the first time I've been in the lock-up; but I never stayed long. Just let me bid gram'er good by,"—as the chief laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I'll see that this room is put in order later," Fred said to the old man. "Can we find the base of the flue?"

"Certain; I'll show you; it's in the barn-cellar," replied the old man. "You may knock as many holes in it as you please."

"Thank you, Mr. Pudgwick. Mr. Hazel, beware of that boy's tricks! I'll go for a mason, and be at the judge's office about as soon as you are. Old man," Fred said to his friend, as they preceded the others down the stairs, "what do you think now?"

"Want my opin'? I find I was mistaken about the venerable chin-propeller," Quimby admitted.

"He's perfectly upright, I am certain!" Fred declared.

"Yes; perpendic' as a bean-pole—though not quite so slim. He was awfully anxious, one time, that his cub of a grandson should get clear. That's what deceived me. But we're right about the cup."

They paused, before getting on their wheels, to witness the meeting between Osk and his grandmother, at the kitchen door.

"Oh, child!" she said, in deep distress, "be you took up ag'in?"

"It's nothing," said Osk. "I shall be back here in a few minutes. Don't worry."

At the chief's suggestion, however, she went to put up a hasty luncheon, which she brought with trembling hands, and urged her grandson

to accept. As he indignantly refused it, Chief Hazen said:

"I'll take it for him. He'll need it before he sees your table again."

"And your bettermost coat, dearie," pleaded the old lady, "do put that on. I'll bring it in a minute."

"No, no!" said Osk; and an ill-natured look came into his eyes, which showed plainly the kind of despot he was in the home of his grandparents. "I say no! do you hear?" he called after her, savagely, as she was going to bring the garment. "I don't want it, and I won't have it! Come along, Cop!" And he marched off with Chief Hazel.

"Did you ever see such intolerable insolence?" Fred remarked to his friend, as they rode away.

"Simply coloss'!" replied Canton Quimby.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.

"Oh, mama," exclaimed Ida Lisle, with filial admiration, that afternoon, "I do think you are the most patient mother in all this weary world!"

"What mother would not be patient in such a cause?" Mrs. Lisle replied, with softly beaming eyes. "It is very slow, and very difficult, and sometimes I should be quite discouraged if I did n't constantly say to myself that what has been done for others I may also do for my dear child!"

She was teaching deaf little Laurie to talk.

The affliction that deprived him of his hearing had come before he had learned to speak more than a very few words; and these he seemed to have forgotten when, after a prolonged and dangerous illness, he regained his bodily health. In his fifth year a few attempts were made to teach him the printed alphabet, together with the sign alphabet used by deaf-mutes, but his restless activity had thus far defeated these efforts. It seemed impossible to fix his attention upon what was so far outside of his own little world; and the very facility with which he had always found and used more natural ways of communication was a hindrance to his acquiring any other method.

But of late Mrs. Lisle had abandoned the alphabetical system and begun with him an entirely new scheme of education. She was teaching him to form articulate sounds, and to read and imitate lip-movements.

He was much more patient under this discipline, since it awakened his curiosity and gave him something to do. It was her custom to place him in his high chair facing her, where he could watch her closely. Then she would put his little hands to use, to perceive the vocal movements of her own throat, and to feel for them at his own; and to feel the breath, soft or forcible, as it came from her lips. She had never received any instruction in teaching speech to a deaf-mute; she only knew from what she had read that it could be done, and she had gone to work in what seemed to her the simplest way.

It was a delight to little Laurie to find, as he quickly did, that he could produce in his own throat such tremblings as he felt in hers. And what joy this first step in his vocal development brought to the mother's fondly anxious heart! Both clapped their hands over it, and with mutual hugs and kisses celebrated the event. Then each member of the household had to come and feel the motions of the child's throat, hear the sounds he emitted, and express great surprise and delight.

The first intelligible word that came from his hitherto dumb lips was *mama*, which he quickly learned as the name of the dearest person on earth. True, it was for two or three lessons little more than *mumum*; then the final *m* was left off; and at length he was made to open his mouth wide enough to change the short *u* sound to *ah*. This triumph alone was sufficient to reward the proud mother for all her previous trials and disappointments.

"Oh! but how can he ever learn to read words by watching our lips?" said Ida. "Think how many do not come to our lips at all, and must seem just alike to him!—nod, not, dog, dot, got; in, it, ill, knit; at, cat, can, can't, and hosts of others. Even if we should look beyond the teeth, we would often see no difference. Then so many sounds are formed, even by the lips, in precisely the same way,—

be, me; men, pen; if, give; there's no end of them!"

She said this even after Midget had achieved *mama*; not so much to throw doubt upon the success of the undertaking, as to hear Mrs. Lisle reiterate her assurances.

"Yes, my dear, I know all the difficulties, and I don't expect that all of them ever will be overcome. But they have been overcome in a great measure by others; and who is brighter than our Laurie?"

"Or who has a more devoted teacher?" said Ida, with glistening eyes.

"No deaf person can ever distinguish all the sounds from merely watching the mouth," her mother went on. "Neither can you, Ida, distinguish all the written letters, taken separately, in your friends' correspondence. How often the *m*'s and *n*'s and *u*'s, and other characters, run together, or look just alike! So that often there will be whole words you can't make out by themselves. But one word helps you to the sense of another. Sometimes you have to glance through a whole sentence before you get an idea of its meaning, when all comes to you like a flash. It is in some such way that the deaf read spoken language. Long practice makes it almost intuitive."

Mrs. Lisle repeated some wonderful stories she had heard or read of deaf persons, who could speak and read lip-movements so well that they could go about in society, and even transact important business, without betraying their infirmity; and added:

"I am positive we shall make an accomplished speech-reader of our bright little Laurie, and perhaps prepare him for a useful and happy career."

He was resting in his chair while this talk—

like many such talks—was going on, and he seemed to know what it was about.

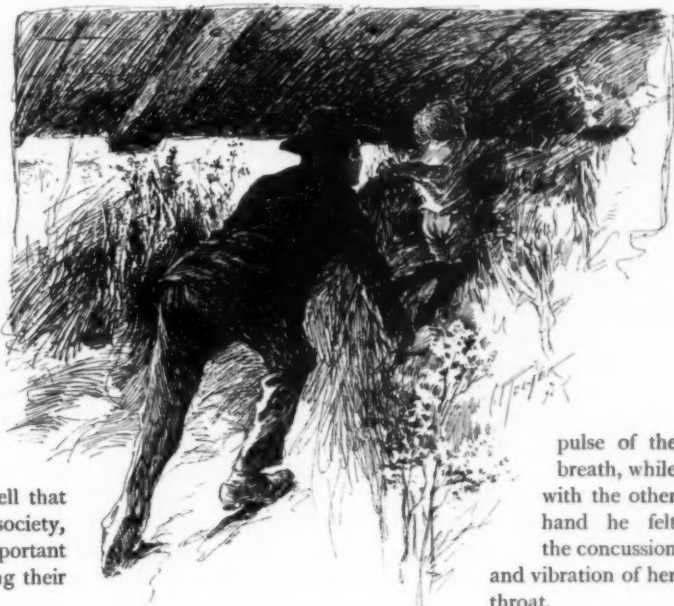
"Mama! mama!" he called triumphantly, as if in evidence of the truth of what she was saying; and he laughed as she caught him in her arms with tears of joy.

He spoke with the drawl peculiar to the deaf, not always agreeable to hear; but it was the gladdest of sounds to Mrs. Lisle.

It happened to be the day when Tracy had sent Fred Melverton and his friend Quimby on what he called their *fox-hunt*. He had hurried home to tell his mother and sister, and there had been much excited talk on the subject. So it chanced that Ida suggested:

"Make him say *cup*; that should be an easy word."

The mother had previously drilled him in the sound of hard *c*, or *k*, with indifferent success. Again she made him look into her mouth, and put one finger in, and to feel the sudden im-



MIDGET REVEALS A SECRET. (SEE PAGE 487.)

pulse of the breath, while with the other hand he felt the concussion and vibration of her throat.

"Kuh-kuh," he repeated after her,

making the sound very distinctly.

"Oh, Laurie, what a dear, delightful little pupil you are!" she joyously exclaimed. And

again they had to hug each other, the child laughing gleefully upon the mother's neck. "Now try!" she said, having placed his fingers again at her throat so he might know the sound: "*Cup*."

"Come," drawled Laurie, prolonging the sound through the nose after the closing of the lips.

She had got from him a new word unexpectedly, and was as well pleased as if it had been the right one. She made him pronounce it over and over again, and by means of the gestures he was familiar with, explained to him its meaning.

Enough had been accomplished for one lesson; but he was getting on so fast, things difficult becoming all at once unexpectedly easy, that she resolved to make another trial of *cup*. She showed him how the vibration of the throat ceased with the closing of the lips, which then opened with a slight percussion of the breath. He was intensely interested. Both were absorbed in the strange exercise, which to an observer would have seemed incomprehensible and comic until the touching significance of it was revealed.

Mr. Walworth chanced to enter just as Midget, who had succeeded in enunciating *cup*, immediately putting the two words together, cried, "Come—cup," and jumped from his chair, too happy over his success to sit still any longer.

"I never saw such progress!" exclaimed the minister. "You will have him talking like any other child—almost," he put in conscientiously, "in a few months."

"He must learn the meaning of words as we go along," said the joyous mother. "Get a cup, Ida; remember that he does n't know it by name yet."

So a tea-cup was brought, and he was made to understand that the word belonged to the thing. Then he ran to the pantry, and brought out his own silver drinking-cup, uttering all the while, "Cup, cup!"

Then he left his own cup and the tea-cup on the table, and ran to the outer door, beckoning and calling:

"Come—cup! Come—cup!"

He ran into his brother Tracy's arms.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN AMAZING DISCOVERY.

"WHAT'S this?" cried Tracy, rushing into the room. "He is talking! Midget is talking!"

In the excited state of his mind, that forenoon, while waiting to hear of the success of the *fox-hunt*, it is no wonder that the seeming miracle made him fairly shriek with rapture. He in turn had to hold and hug the child, while the manner of the miracle-working was briefly explained; by which time Midget had struggled from his arms, and was at the door again, calling "*Come—cup!*" beckoning, and alternately making a fluttering movement with his arms, and forming a cup-like shape with his hands.

"It is a bird's nest he means," said Mrs. Lisle. "He wants to show us one, and know whether we call that a cup, too. Go with him, Tracy, and explain it. I must see to the dinner if we are to invite those young men."

Midget led the way, faster than his brother cared to follow, down the slope to the brook-side, and onward to the bridge; in the cool shadow of which the child climbed the lower wall of the abutment, to the end of a timber, where the phœbe's nest used to be.

"Must be the phœbes are building again," thought Tracy.

Midget had been the first to discover the absence of the old nest, and he had reported this to his friends with childish grief and anger. They, too, had been indignant at the robbery; but more important events had lately driven the subject from Tracy's mind.

"He is peeping—just as he used to peep into the old nest," thought he, and his indignation revived, as he remembered how fond Midget was of his feathered friends, and how little fear of him they ever betrayed. Sometimes the mother-bird would remain sitting on her nest, while his little nose, as he climbed and peeped, almost touched her. But where were the phœbes now?

Not a bird was heard or seen; nothing sang but the brook.

"Come—come!" cried Midget, with his

cheek against the end of the heavy string-piece, where it rested on the wall.

Stepping along the little sandy beach that bordered the bed of the streamlet, Tracy stooped beneath the bridge; a growing sense of apprehension falling upon him, with the cavern-like shadow.

Then suddenly, as he put his cheek against the child's, and, looking up, saw what the child saw, he started back in utter amazement and dismay.

For there, on the top of the wall, close against the beam, from which the old nest had been broken away by ruthless hands, was indeed a cup-shaped thing, but not a nest; an actual cup — the cup of all cups —

THE PRIZE CUP!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

WHEN Tracy returned to the house all the joy of the morning had gone out of his face; and he was followed reluctantly by Midget, no longer repeating his first glad words — all the happiness faded from *his* face, too, which was the face of a miserable little culprit.

"Why, Tracy!" Ida cried at sight of him. "You look sick!"

"I *am* sick," he replied dejectedly, holding one hand behind him. "Where's mama?"

His mother was called, and she came in haste; she regarded her two boys with anxious, inquiring eyes.

"What has happened?" was all she could say.

"Look at this!" Tracy answered, in a choked voice.

And with a countenance full of anguish he held out an object which, it would seem, should have gladdened any honest boy's eyes — a beautiful, silver-bright, gold-lined goblet.

"Fred's cup!" "Where did you find it?" cried mother and sister at once.

"Midget had it," said the boy, from the depths of his wretched soul.

"How did *he* come by it?" cried the mother, with an amazed look at the little mischief-maker, who stood peering in at the door, with shy, expectant eyes.

"He took it," said Tracy. "He has told me all about it."

"The stolen cup! How could he?" exclaimed the mother. "What is this?"

As Tracy handed her the goblet, she noticed that the gold lining was half hidden by some soft, matted substance, with which the hollow was partly filled.

"Come here!" she called, and motioned to Midget, who, however, did not stir, but watched eagerly to see what was to come of his strange misdoing.

"He has been up to the Melverton house with me," Tracy explained, "and shown me how he got into one of the dining-room windows, from the piazza, and took the cup from a sideboard drawer."

"Oh, Laurie, Laurie!" groaned Mrs. Lisle; while Ida in her turn examined the curious contents of the goblet.

"As near as I can make out," Tracy proceeded, "he had peeked through the blinds and seen Gid Ketterell handling it, and showing it to somebody — Osk Ordway, I suppose. He already had a spite against Gid; so when he missed the phoebe's nest under the bridge, he took the cup. For what, do you think?"

In her amazement and distress, the poor mother could n't conjecture.

"To be revenged on Gid," suggested Ida. "Though it does n't seem as if he could have looked so far ahead as that."

"No, not for that," Tracy replied. "But it was really to pay the birds for the loss of their nest. That's what he put this fine grass in it for — as something inviting for them to lay their eggs in."

And in the midst of his intense chagrin, the elder brother had to laugh at the pretty, fantastic, childish notion.

"He put the cup in place of the nest; and he seems to have had no doubt that the phoebes would adopt it, when they were ready to raise another brood; and when he saw how sorry I was about the nest, he thought he would please me by pointing at the fine nest he had made for them inside. It's all as cunning as it can be — but — oh!" and Tracy ended with something like a yell of pain.

Mother and sister laughed, too, with tender

mirthfulness; and with bright tears in her forgiving eyes Mrs. Lisle held out loving arms to the waiting Midget. He rushed into them, and nestled affectionately to her.

"Why were you so horrified?" queried Ida. "One would think you were not glad the cup was found."

"Of course I am glad! but to have it turn out that Midget is the rogue!" said Tracy.

"But he meant no harm. He only meant to do an act of justice to the birds,—the precious little innocent!" the mother exclaimed, rocking the little fellow to and fro.

"Fred Melverton will laugh—they all will laugh!" said Ida, with a merry peal. "It 's the funniest thing I ever heard!"

"Funny!" Tracy echoed, with a lugubrious grin. "But there 's one that won't laugh; he 'll get laughed at! I 've done such a smart stroke of detective business! I was so sure of everything! And my telegram to Fred!" he added, his voice running up into a falsetto of comic despair.

Ida wiped her eyes and said:

"Why should you care for that? It was all a mistake."

"Don't I know it was a mistake, without being told?" cried Tracy. "Have n't I found it out to my sorrow? I fairly grew fat on my grudge, when I found Gid was discharged under suspicion; and I was just the biggest fellow in this town when I took his place and

set about ferreting out the robbery. How can I tell Fred that Gid and Osk had nothing to do with it, after the ridiculous *fox-hunt* I have sent them on? Oh, my gracious!" his voice tending again to the wild falsetto.

Mrs. Lisle, still rocking the child, her face full of tearful smiles, admitted sympathizingly:

"It will be a little humiliating, no doubt."

"A little humiliating!" Tracy almost shouted.

"It 's the most crushing thing that ever happened to me. Do you know, when I saw the cup on the wall I was tempted to leave it there and say nothing about it: to let the suspicion still rest on Gid and Osk! Would you believe I could be so mean?" And he scowled with bitter self-reproach.

"It would have been mean and wicked enough if you had listened to the temptation," said his mother. "But I know you did not for a single moment. I know you could n't do such a wrong, even to an enemy. Better the truth, though it shames us, than any advantage gained by an act of injustice."

Ida was about to empty the cup of its curious contents, in order to dust and brighten it; but Tracy cried out to her:

"Don't do that! I want Fred to see it just as it is. Oh! what luck is he having with his *fox-hunt*, I wonder!"

"Here he comes right into the yard!" Ida exclaimed, stepping quickly aside from the open window. "He and his friend, on their wheels!"

(To be continued.)

A PUZZLING EXAMPLE.

BY VIRGINIA SARAH BENJAMIN.

DOT is five and Jack is ten,
 She 's just half as old as he;
 When she 's ten, why, Jack will be
 Only one third more than she.
 When Jack is twenty she 'll be then
 Just three fourths as old as he.
 Now Dot 's puzzled—don't you see?—
 To know just how long it will be
 Till she 's as old as brother Jack,
 Who now is twice as old as she.

SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[Begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER VII.

TREASON.

"I THOUGHT you 'd never be done," said Selim in a whisper to his prisoners as he escorted them from the courtyard. "I never knew the Sultan to be so talkative before; usually he's a man of very few words. What in the world were you talking about, anyway?"

"Oh, all sorts of things," replied Sindbad evasively. "And now," he added quickly, "please tell me one thing: what did the Grand Vizier mean when he told the Sultan that his better nature was coming back?"

"Did n't you understand that? Why, our Sultan has two separate and distinct natures: one of them very, very bad, and the other, which comes on only once in a while, very good. The former we call his bad nature, the latter his better nature. Oh, how we do dread the coming of that better nature!"

"Why, I should think you 'd be glad," said Tom. "Is n't he very ugly when his bad nature is on?"

"Usually he is," answered Selim, "but we can stand that better than the freaks in which his better nature leads him to indulge. Why, when that better nature of his is ruling him we can't get a man convicted of any crime, he is so merciful. Life and property are imperiled. Two or three times he has emptied the prisons while under the baleful influence of his better nature, and turned loose all sorts of dreadful characters."

"How soon do you think another attack of his better nature is due?" asked Sindbad anxiously.

"Oh, we can never tell; sometimes he has two or three a month, and then again a year will elapse without his having one. As he had

a real bad spell of it only last month, I feel sure he won't have another at present. I think something ought to be done for him; he might be vaccinated, or something of that sort, but I'm not a medical man, and I really could n't undertake to prescribe for him. He feels as unhappy about it as any one else, but he can't help it; so, you see, we have n't the heart to blame him. But here we are at your prison."

He paused before a small stone building, the door of which he threw open, saying:

"Step right in. Grope around and you'll find a couple of couches, upon which you'll be able to make yourselves comfortable for the night. By the way, when is the execution coming off, Sindbad?"

"That point has n't been settled," replied the explorer. "Let me ask you, please, whether you are a Sindbadite or an Anti-Sindbadite?"

"An Anti-Sindbadite, of course," replied Selim promptly. "I could n't be anything else and hold my present position at court. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied Sindbad and Tom in unison.

"So am I," said Selim; "and I'm going right home to get a square meal. Wish I could invite you, but I can't. Well, good night."

He was about to push his prisoners unceremoniously into the house when Sindbad interposed, saying:

"Wait a minute, please. Can't we have something to eat?"

"Not a mouthful," replied Selim. "I am not empowered to furnish you with anything but information, and not much of that. But I must n't stand here all night. Please step inside."

Sindbad and Tom obeyed, and Selim closed and locked the door with a short "Good night."

The explorers groped about in the darkness

until they found the two couches to which their custodian had referred. Thoroughly exhausted, they threw themselves down, uttering simultaneous sighs of relief.

"Well," said Tom, after a short silence, "did you ever have an adventure *quite* as queer as this?"

"Lots and lots of them," replied Sindbad. "What is there that is so very extraordinary in this?"

"I can't understand how a city like this and a river like the New Bosphorus can have existed for generations in America—they *must* be in America, for we have n't had time to get out of the country—and never been discovered before."

"Oh, that sort of thing is nothing new in my experience!" responded the great explorer. "Why, look at the previously unheard-of countries visited by me even when I was a mere beginner like you. There are several such instances recorded in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"That's so," admitted Tom; "but there were no railroads then, nor telegraph or telephone lines, nor—"

"Well," interrupted Sindbad irritably, "we have pretty good proof that New Bagdad and the New Bosphorus do exist, have n't we? Next thing you'll want to prove that you and I are only imaginary beings. I wish you would let me rest; your attempts at argument have really given me quite a severe attack of headache."

Tom said no more. In a few minutes both explorers were sound asleep.

They were awakened the next morning by the voice of Selim crying:

"Ahoy, there!"

Starting up, they saw the portly servitor standing in the doorway.

"Hungry still?" he asked.

Sindbad and Tom replied that they were hungrier than ever.

"That's good," said Selim cheerfully, "for I've brought you a real hearty breakfast."

And he tossed an apple to each of the prisoners, adding:

"Don't eat too fast; it interferes with digestion. I heard a very excellent lecture on the subject once, and—"

"Is this all we get for breakfast?" interrupted Tom in dismay.

"Why, of course it is," replied Selim, with a look of astonishment. "It's all anyone in New Bagdad gets, and a pretty good breakfast it is, to *my* way of thinking. If it does n't suit you you can leave it."

He was evidently much offended; Sindbad hastened to pacify him.

"It is an excellent breakfast," he said, taking a large bite from his apple. "Many a man has a worse one."

"I should say so," replied Selim. "In New Bagdad an apple is considered an unusual luxury; I had to use a good deal of diplomacy to get these two for you."

Tom was now devouring his apple, and staring about the room—a barn-like apartment about twelve feet square, furnished only with the two couches upon which the explorers had spent the night. As Selim paused he said:

"Oh, it's first-rate, only I'm used to something different!"

"To nothing half so good—of that I am sure," said Sindbad, with a warning scowl. "I trust you have not forgotten the horrors of the Oakdale Hotel table."

Tom, who considered Mrs. Pettibone's buckwheat cakes and fried turnovers food fit for the gods, was about to make an indignant response when Sindbad, looking at his watch, went on:

"Eight o'clock! Dear me! how I have slept! How is his Serenity the Sultan, this morning?"

"In excellent form," replied Selim. "In fact I've never seen him looking better. I might as well tell you the truth at once: he's in his bloodthirstiest mood, and is going to have you both executed as soon as you show him how to strike a light."

Tom dropped his apple, but Sindbad kept on gnawing at the core of his with the most unconcerned air imaginable.

"That'll be all right," he said. "His Serenity and I will have no difficulty in settling the matter."

"His Serenity will have no difficulty in settling *you*," said Selim. "And now, if you're both ready, come on."

"Where are you going to take us?" asked Sindbad—"to the palace?"

"Exactly; and I wish you'd hurry, for the Sultan must be getting impatient by this time."

"We are ready; lead the way," said Sindbad, linking his arm with Tom's.

A crowd of men and boys was awaiting them outside the prison, and followed them to the door of the Sultan's palace, but ventured no farther. They found the ruler of New Bagdad seated exactly where they had left him on the previous night, and looking as if he had not stirred since their departure. The Grand Vizier and several other very important-looking individuals stood beside him, and all scowled fiercely at the prisoners as they paused before the dais.

Tom felt very awkward and uneasy, and somewhat disgusted, too. He had expected, as Sindbad's partner, to meet with all sorts of "moving accidents by flood and field"; to spend his time, when he was not hunting wild beasts, in clinging to tempest-tossed rafts, the sole survivor—except the irrepressible sailor of Bagdad—of shipwrecks of unprecedented magnitude and horror. Instead of enjoying all these delightful inconveniences and privations, here he was a prisoner in New Bagdad, a place very unlike his idea of Old Bagdad, and the inhabitants of which he mentally termed "only a lot of grown-up babies."

He was rather disappointed in Sindbad, too; he felt sure that if he had been in the explorer's place he would have shown more spirit; he thought that his partner had not properly maintained his dignity, and felt much humiliated by the position in which the firm was placed. But Sindbad did not seem in the least discomposed; his face fairly beamed with good nature as he said:

"Good morning, your Serenity. I sincerely trust you spent a comfortable night."

"That's all right," growled the Sultan; "we're here for business, not to exchange commonplace remarks."

"Just the reply I should have expected from a monarch of your wonderful mental caliber," gushed Sindbad. "Business before pleasure, of course."

"Exactly; we'll attend to the business now, and execute you afterward."

"Very good!" giggled the Grand Vizier; "very good, indeed!"

"Capital!" added Sindbad, with a laugh that was plainly forced. "What a sense of humor your Serenity has! I am strongly reminded of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid."

"Never mind all that," said the Sultan, with a fierce scowl. "I want to see that sun-glass work."

"Your Serenity *shall* see it work," replied the great explorer, producing the glass. "But I must remind you of your Serenity's promise last evening."

"That will be all right," said the monarch, gazing nervously around him. "Go ahead with the experiment."

"Eh? what's that?" interrupted the Grand Vizier. "To what promise does the dog of a sailor refer?"

The Sultan's face reddened.

"I'd thank you to adopt a different tone for the future when you address me," he said. "The promise I made was that I would use my influence in Sindbad's behalf in case his experiment succeeded."

"Your influence!" sneered the Grand Vizier. "What is your influence compared with that of the Anti-Sindbad Society? Now, I may as well tell you right here—"

"Treason!" yelled the Sultan, starting up from his throne.

"Call it that if you like," responded the Grand Vizier haughtily. "Gentlemen," looking about him, "do not let us remain here to be insulted. Come with me, and we'll have a little talk about this matter."

"Traitor!" shouted the Sultan, "you are deposed! The office of Grand Vizier is no longer yours."

"Maybe I'll have yours, before you know it," returned the ex-Grand Vizier as he marched out of the courtyard, followed by everyone present except the Sultan, Selim, Sindbad, and Smith.

"Well, well, well!" cried Selim, drawing a long breath, "I never did! Who would have thought it of the Grand Vizier? Such a nice man as he always seemed; a little uppish once in a while, but still always the gentleman. My, my!"

"Selim," thundered the Sultan, "I appoint you Grand Vizier!"

"Oh, this is really *too* much. Your—" began Selim, but the monarch interrupted him with:

"That 's all right. We 'll have this sun-glass exhibition now, and then the execution of Sindbad and his accomplice—for I 'm just as determined on that as ever."

"Good for your Serenity!" laughed the new Grand Vizier.

"After that," continued the Sultan, "we 'll settle with those traitors."

"Yes, we 'll have a real busy morning, sha'n't we, your Serenity?" piped Selim. "It 'll just suit me, for there 's nothing I like so much as work. Say, let 's decide how to kill Sindbad and his partner. Now I think a real nice way would be to—"

"We will leave that until after the experiment is made," interrupted the Sultan. "Now, then,"—to Sindbad,— "are you ready?"

"I am, your Serenity," replied the explorer, taking the sun-glass from his pocket.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE morning sun was shining directly upon the dais. Sindbad took a piece of paper from his pocket, placed it upon the pavement at the monarch's feet, and held the glass over it. Soon a black speck appeared upon the sheet, which a moment later was aflame.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Sultan. "I never saw anything like that in all my days!"

"Oh, I 'll show you stranger things than that, if I stay here much longer," replied the explorer.

"I did n't bargain for this sort of thing," muttered Tom in a tone that could be heard only by Sindbad. "I thought we were going to hunt lions and elephants, and—"

"Be quiet!" hissed his partner, and he subsided.

"Sindbad, you are a genius!" cried the Sultan.

As the explorer bowed low, Selim interrupted in a harsh, rasping voice:

"This is all very well, and I 'm sure I 'm as fond of scientific investigation as any one in New Bagdad, but I must protest against this

criminal waste of valuable time; as Grand Vizier I think it my duty to remind your Serenity that we ought to be making preparations for war. You know how to work the sun-glass, and can undoubtedly do it much more effectively than Sindbad. Take possession of the glass; have Sindbad executed; then I want to have a talk with you about the state of affairs."

"Very good," said the Sultan. "Now," turning to the explorer, "I shall have to ask you to prepare for death and make haste about it."

"All right, your Serenity," responded Sindbad cheerfully. "What particular style of execution prevails in New Bagdad just now?"

"We have several different methods," replied the Sultan, "and all of them cause the most exquisite torture. I regret this on your account, for you have done me a signal service; but, you see, my inherent cruelty and constant morbid craving for excitement render it absolutely necessary. If you had come here when my better nature had possession of me, how different everything might have been! But there 's no use repining; let 's settle this business as quickly as possible.

"I say, your Serenity," interrupted Selim, "we might as well let Sindbad's partner off, might n't we? He 's only a boy; and I 'm sure he 'd promise never to do it again."

"We won't let either of them off," answered the Sultan; then he turned to the two explorers, saying, "I 'll show you both every consideration consistent with my thoroughly depraved and cruel nature. To begin with, I 'll give you your choice of deaths—that is, your choice of the various deaths included in our repertoire. I don't want to ask anything unreasonable, but since I 've conceded so much to you I think it would be a graceful act for you to consent to be torn to pieces by wild horses, which is my favorite method of execution. We have some of the prettiest wild horses you ever saw, too, gentlemen; I should think it would be a real pleasure to be torn to pieces by them."

"Oh, we could n't think of it!" said Sindbad hastily. "You see, we 're both nervous about horses."

"Well, in that case I won't insist," returned the Sultan; "though I had hoped you would display a little more consideration for the feel-

ings of one who—but no matter. How does *this* idea strike you? But hold on!”

The monarch pressed his hand to his forehead, and his face turned very pale.

“As I expected!” groaned the new Grand Vizier—“your better nature has come back!”

“Yes, it has,” replied the Sultan. “Really, I don’t know when anything has given me such a turn! And to think that I was about to execute these two worthy creatures, one of them the greatest explorer of this or any other age! Your hands, my dear boys!”

Sindbad and Tom both shook hands with the Sultan, whose countenance now fairly glistened with benevolence.

“I knew you’d think better of it, your Serenity,” said Sindbad.

“I should n’t if my better nature had n’t happened to come back just then,” replied the Sultan. “You’ve no idea how utterly reckless I am when that bad nature of mine is turned on. Why, it makes me shudder to think of it now! But that’s all over—for the present; and I hope neither bears any grudge against me for what is my misfortune, not my fault.”

Both Sindbad and his partner assured the monarch that they cherished only the kindest feelings toward him.

“Well, now, that’s really very good of you after what has passed,” said the Sultan, “and I assure you that I appreciate it. I trust that you both will remain my guests a few days at least.”

Before the explorers could reply, a man with disheveled hair and disordered garments came rushing into the courtyard.

“Your Serenity,” he cried, “I am the bearer of bad news.”

“Dear! dear!” exclaimed the Sultan, “is n’t that always the way when I’m feeling in particularly good humor? Well, what is it?”

“The ex-Grand Vizier is mustering his troops in the public square; the populace are crying, ‘Down with Sindbad, Smith, and the Sultan!’ Immediate action is necessary.”

“Was ever anything so provoking?” cried the Sultan. “Was there ever such an unruly populace? Just as I am beginning to enjoy myself quietly I am called upon to take ‘immediate action.’ Selim, I appeal to you as Grand Vizier. What shall I do?”

“Will you follow my advice?” asked Selim, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

“Yes.”

“Honest?” persisted the Grand Vizier.

“Well, I’ll try to,” replied the monarch, more cautiously.

“Then summon up your bad nature; have Sindbad—and Smith, too, if you like—executed at once; and then to battle! Don’t allow this weakness to overcome you; remember how wicked you are most of the time, and try at least to strike an average. On my bended knees I implore it.”

The Sultan was evidently touched.

“Selim,” he said, “I understand your feelings: but if you were to twist your knees all out of shape I could n’t do it. What!—execute Sindbad and his youthful partner, whose only offense is a desire to know more of our wonderful country? I could n’t think of such a thing.”

“But you sent us to capture them,” grumbled Selim, “and told us that if we were not back on time you’d have us all flayed alive.”

“I’m sorry for it,” said the Sultan, “and I should think you’d have more delicacy than to remind me of it. I’d be obliged if you would change the subject, Selim.”

“But we’ve got this war on hand, your Serenity,” said the new Grand Vizier, growing more and more excited, “and we can’t afford to dawdle away any more time here. Suppose you imprison these fellows until your bad nature comes back? How’s that for an idea?”

“I *might* do that,” said the Sultan, thoughtfully.

“No, you might n’t, either, your Serenity,” interrupted Sindbad. “It would be cruel.”

“So it would,” replied the Sultan. “Of course while my better nature is on I could n’t do anything cruel.”

“Well, what *is* your Serenity going to do?” asked Selim, very impatiently. “Are we to wait here until the Anti-Sindbad army comes in and takes possession?”

“What do *you* think about it, Sindbad?” asked the Sultan. “I’d be glad to have your opinion, if you don’t mind.”

“Is he the Grand Vizier, or am I?” muttered Selim, but no one heard him.

“Your Serenity,” replied Sindbad, “I would

suggest that you release my partner and myself, and then go ahead and thrash the traitors. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to enroll ourselves under your flag, and fight, bleed, and die in the good cause; but, unfortunately, we have engagements in various parts of the globe, which make it impossible for us to do so. You understand our position, I trust."

The Sultan's face had lengthened considerably during Sindbad's speech.

"I'm awfully sorry to hear you talk like that," he said. "I had hoped to see a good deal more of you. Don't you think you'd better reconsider your determination? No? Well, of course I could forcibly detain you, but my better nature will not allow me to do so. I should, however, be greatly obliged if you'd leave me that sun-glass."

"I do so with pleasure," replied Sindbad, bowing low. "And now, your Serenity," he added, "in view of the fact that your time is precious, I would suggest that you permit us to take our leave at once."

"I suppose I must," sighed the Sultan, "though I really hate to. Let me see, Sindbad; it has always been the custom, I think, of monarchs who have entertained you to make you a valuable present on your departure."

"Well, yes," replied Sindbad, with a deprecatory smirk, "my royal hosts *have* been extremely liberal. Still, any little trifle satisfies me — say, a mule laden with gold or diamonds, or something of that sort. As for my partner, anything will do for him — eh, Thomas?"

"I don't care for anything at all," said Tom, "if I can only get home."

"Is n't he modesty itself, your Serenity?" said Sindbad. "He is adamant when his mind is made up; so you can give me his share."

"Very good," replied the Sultan, taking from his pocket a long, narrow book and a pencil. "Just now my treasury is not what it should be, but I am hoping for better times. I will write you a check for one hundred thousand tooloos on the New Bagdad National Bank. I shall date it a year ahead, for by that time I hope I shall have a respectable balance."

"Your Serenity is too good!" exclaimed Sindbad; but Tom saw that his partner was not very well pleased with the gift.

"I know it," said the Sultan; "I always am when my better nature has possession of me."

"What is a tooloo worth?" asked Sindbad.

"Well," replied the Sultan, "that depends a good deal upon which of our three political parties is in power. Just now a tooloo is worth about five dollars in United States money."

"Then your Serenity has given me half a million dollars."

"Yes, but don't mention it — I really sha'n't miss it. Put the check in your pocket, and think how much handier it is to carry about than a mule staggering under a heavy weight of gold or jewels. You'd better take one, too," — to Tom, — "it really won't be any trouble."

"No, thank you," replied the boy politely.

"Well, just as you say."

Here another excited messenger rushed in.

"Your Serenity," he panted, "the enemy are advancing. What's to be done?"

As he spoke, the hoarse roar of a multitude was heard in the distance. Instead of replying, the Sultan turned to Sindbad and Tom, saying, "You insist upon going at once?"

"We do," the explorers replied together.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I suppose you must have your way."

"Down with the Sultan! Death to Sindbad and Smith!" shouted many hundred distant voices in unison.

The monarch turned pale.

"Selim," said the potentate hurriedly, "conduct our friends to the entrance to the subterranean passage, and hurry back. And you" — turning to the messenger who had just arrived — "go to the royal store-room and bring me the keg labeled 'gunpowder' that we found on that wreck last year. I'll see if with the aid of this sun-glass I can't settle these traitors; I knew all that flotsam and jetsam would come in handy some day."

"Be careful how you fool with that gunpowder, your Serenity," said Sindbad uneasily.

"That's all right, my boy," replied the Sultan; "I know what the stuff is. But I've no more time to talk. Good-by; if New Bagdad only had postal communication with the United States I'd ask you both to write. Well, take good care of yourselves. Follow Selim; he'll see you through. Good-by — good-by!"

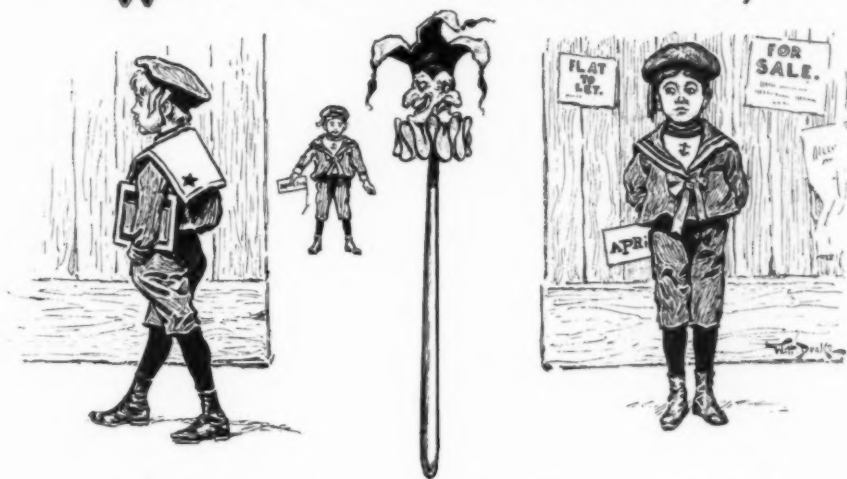
(To be continued.)

The April Fool

To print this little placard
Took Johnny Smith all day:

APRIL FOOL

But the boy he meant to pin it to
Went round the other way!



At first quite disappointed,
When Johnny's anger cooled
He could not help admitting
That at least one boy was fooled.

HOW THE WHALE LOOKED PLEASANT.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

WHETHER a certain whale that breakfasted, dined, and supped every day in the Santa Catalina channel, went out one morning with the determination of being photographed, I really cannot say; but the picture was certainly taken, and here is a careful copy of it.

Living in the neighborhood, the whale was probably familiar with the steamer that plowed daily through its dining-room; and if it was at all an observing whale, it must have noticed on the morning in question an unusual commotion on the deck of the steamer, and this is what it saw. The passengers were crowding about the rail, and on the upper deck stood a man and a little girl, the former holding a square black box into which he looked earnestly. And if the whale had come a little nearer this is what he might have heard:

"Will he look pleasant?" asked the little girl of her companion.

"I hope so," he replied, glancing rapidly from the camera to the whale that was then swimming a few hundred feet away.

The passengers had first observed it a mile or more distant, when the little girl said it was "dancing on its tail." It had, really, leaped out of water, and for a few seconds exposed almost its entire back,—most astonishing spectacle,—and then had fallen back into the sea with a thundering crash. Soon it came to the surface again, and shooting a cloud of vapor into the air that slowly floated away, at intervals disappeared and reappeared until finally it came alongside the steamer, swimming along within a short distance. It was then that the fortunate possessor of the camera secured a good position near the rail, and waited, as his little companion had said, for the whale to "look pleasant." Looking pleasant, in this instance, meant for the whale to show a large portion of its body above the water. It was now swimming just

below the surface, its huge black form, sixty or seventy feet in length, distinctly visible, propelled by the undulating movement of the tail. Suddenly it rose, showing just the portion around the blow-holes, and with a loud puff the hot breath burst into the air, was condensed, and in a little cloud drifted away.

"Did n't he look pleasant?" asked the little girl, earnestly.

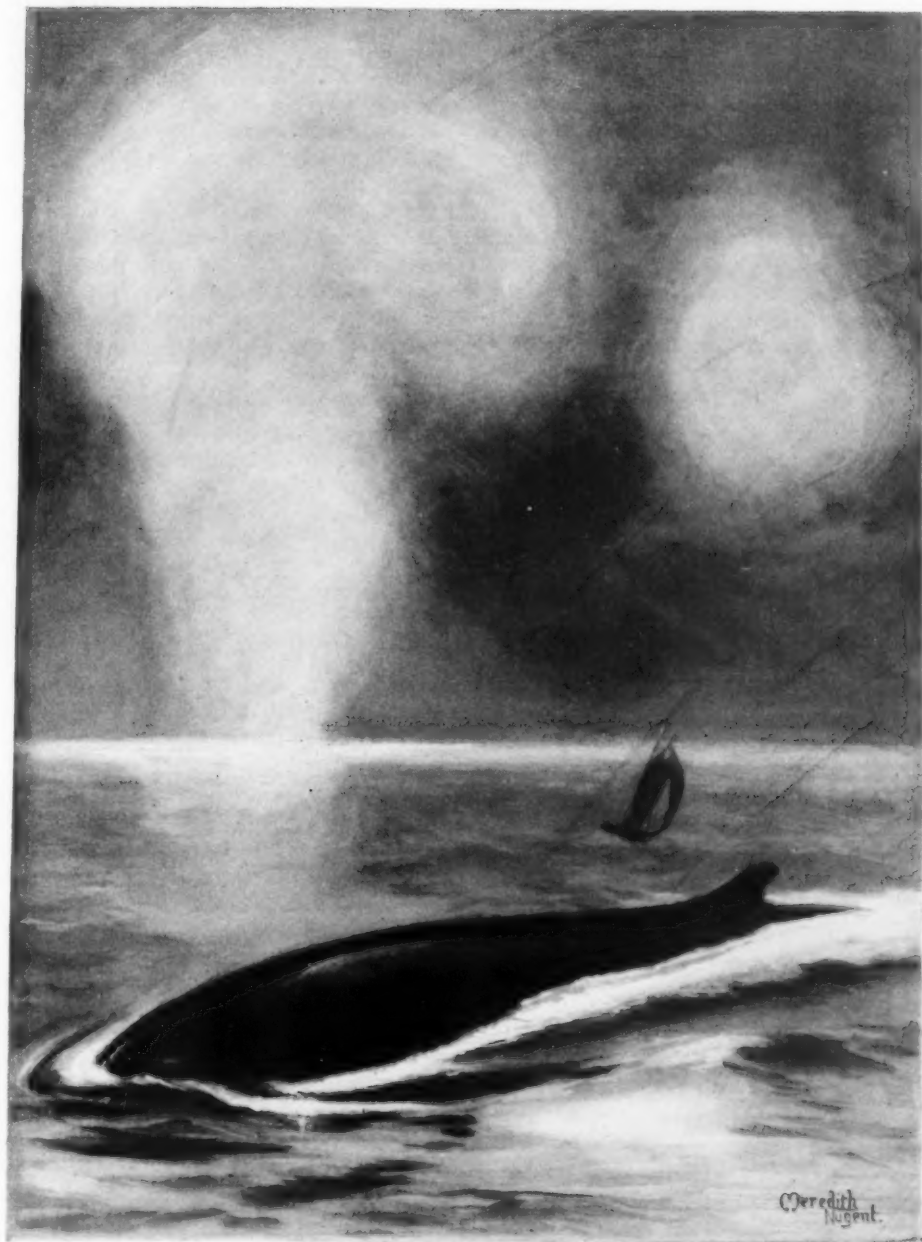
"Not quite pleasant enough," said the photographer, as he peered into the tiny window of the camera that reflected the sea in brilliant tints. "I could catch the spout, but I want to wait until he throws his entire head out of water and looks really pleasant before I touch the button."

It was an exciting moment, as never, so far as known, had a living whale, in the open ocean, posed before a camera, or a photographer seen so huge an animal obligingly swim along, allowing its picture to be taken.

"It 's a tame whale, is n't it?" said the little girl, as the whale gradually came nearer.

"He certainly does not seem very timid," replied her companion; and as he spoke, puff! came the spouting like the escape of steam, the vapor actually drifting aboard the steamer into the faces of the passengers.

The whale was now so near that the barnacles upon its back could be seen, and one man was sure that he saw its eye. Suddenly it sank, and all that could be seen in the little window was the dancing waves and the white sails of myriads of veellas that covered the surface, scudding along before the fresh trade-wind. Then, without warning, the creature as suddenly rose again, showing a large area of its back, sending at the same time a cloud of misty vapor into the air as its top or dorsal fin appeared. The photographer saw it in the little window, and evidently thinking that the whale looked



DRAWN BY MEREDITH NUGENT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. F. HOLDER.

A WHALE SWIMMING AT THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.



"A SUDDEN, MIGHTY LEAP." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

as pleasant as he in all probability would, touched the button, and, so far as is known, took the first photograph of a living whale in the open ocean, and the very one from which was made the drawing which appears on page 497.

The Santa Catalina channel is famous for its whales, and they are frequently seen from the steamer that plies between the mainland and the island of Santa Catalina. While I write, there lies on the beach a huge specimen that was killed by swordfish. Some terrible contests have been observed between the great whales and these ocean swordsmen. One occurred opposite the little harbor of Avalon, Santa Catalina, and was watched by a small boat-load of spectators who drifted near. A swordfish and a

killer—or small-toothed whale—attacked the larger whale from below, and in its rage the latter appeared almost to stand upon its head, striking the water fearful blows from side to side with its tail. For several minutes the battle was continued, the whale being nearly helpless before its agile enemies.

On one occasion a whale rose so high above the water in a sudden, mighty leap, and so near my boat, that a perfect photograph could have been taken. As the huge mass loomed up I thought it was a rock, and turned to the boatman, meaning to ask an explanation, but when it fell with a crash I saw that it was a whale that had thrown itself almost entirely out of the water.

A "DARE."

BY ANTOINETTE GOLAY.

MR. BROWN was frowning at two vacant chairs opposite him at the dinner-table.

"Are those children late again?" he asked.

"They are, indeed," his wife answered; "doubtless jumping off the Potters' chicken-coop this very minute. They can barely wait to eat their luncheon before they rush off to that exhilarating sport. You might think they would have enough of it between two and five, but it seems they don't. This is the third time this week Margaret has been late. Cornelia generally comes home in time, and in tears. Margaret's shortcomings oppress her."

"Margaret told me she and her precious chum, Mary Potter, were going soon to jump over all the carriage-steps they could," put in Fred, who, whatever his other faults might be, was never known to miss a meal. "Perhaps this is the day, and Cornelia is along to see fair play."

"No," said Mrs. Brown, smiling. "I hardly think it is that. I have not been able to elevate their minds above the glory of perching on sheds; but some days ago I happened to meet them, Margaret jumping from a stepladder, and Mary clambering up a fence, and I convinced them that there was danger in such exploits."

"In the mean time," said Mr. Brown, who

had never been able to accept his daughter's defections as philosophically as did his wife—"in the mean time those children are likely to be on any dangerous elevation to be found in Chicago. Fred, please go to the Potters' and find out about them. Tell the girls to come home at once!"

"Yes, sir," said Fred submissively, though in his heart he preferred a warm dinner then and there to a half-mile promenade followed by a lukewarm meal.

He pulled on his cap and sallied forth, whistling to keep up his spirits, while his father, who was seriously displeased and a little worried, indulged in gloomy reflections on the disadvantages of daughters who were tomboys.

In about half an hour Fred returned, with a smile lurking about the corner of his mouth.

"Father," he said, "I found the girls, and Cornelia will be here as soon as she has bathed her red and streaming eyes; but I am afraid you'll have to go and tell Margaret yourself."

"What do you mean?" his father exclaimed. "Has anything happened to Margaret? Why is Cornelia crying?"

"She was crying when I found her," Fred hastened to explain, with a guilty consciousness



"OH, PAPA, PLEASE DON'T TELL ME TO COME DOWN! I WANT TO, BUT I CAN'T!
IT'S A DARE."

that his presence and poor little Cornelia's tears too often were closely related. "She was wailing, on the ground; and Margaret and Mary Potter were seated on the roof of the Harveys' stable-shed. They have been there since four o'clock, and, for all I can see, are likely to stay there the rest of their lives."

"It was a 'dare,' papa," said Cornelia, as she came in and met her father's bewildered expression. "They went up on the roof, and Margaret said she would n't come down till Mary did, and Mary said she would n't, either; and there they are."

"What folly!" said her father impatiently.

"Yes," remarked the ingenuous Cornelia; "that's what I told Mary. I just begged her to come down, and I cried, too, when it began to grow dark and yet she would n't."

"I suppose it did not occur to you to try

your powers of persuasion on Margaret?" her mother inquired.

Cornelia blushed.

"You see, I did not wish Margaret to be beaten," she explained.

"Really, father," said Fred, "I do believe you'll have to go after Margaret—for, if you don't, there's no knowing how long she will stay there. Mary's father will not be home till to-morrow, and neither of the girls will give in. They were hungry, too, and a little afraid of the dark."

"I am ashamed of Margaret," said Mrs. Brown penitently, feeling, as mothers will, the burden of her daughter's fault laid upon her own shoulders; "but I am afraid you'll have to go."

Then, in his turn, Mr. Brown left his warm dinner, and went in

quest of his obstinate daughter. There on the very ridge of the Harveys' stable shed she sat, weariness and hunger in her eyes, and fell determination graven about her mouth as she looked across at the stolid Mary, who sat a little further along the ridge, as immovable as a Pyramid.

When she saw her father, poor tired Margaret burst into tears, but in the same breath began to plead with him.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed despairingly, "please don't tell me to come down! I want to, but I can't; indeed I can't! I said I would n't, and I'd never hold up my head again if I gave in. It's a 'dare.'"

"Do you actually think of roosting there all night?" her father asked.

"I don't know," said Margaret, weeping yet more piteously. "Maybe I'll have to. And, oh, papa, dear! if I do, can't you just stay

down there to keep my courage up and drive things away? I'm so scared!"

"So 'm I," remarked Mary, with contempt, from her end of the roof. "But you need n't think, for all that, Margaret Boswell Brown, that I am going to get down before you do. Not if I die a Methuselah here!"

"Margaret," said her exasperated father, "this is simply ridiculous. I insist that you come down from that roof. I cannot leave you here alone, and I do not mean to spend the evening in Mr. Harvey's back yard, mounting guard over the two silliest girls I ever saw!"

"Papa," said Margaret solemnly, "if you don't want to break my heart, don't ask me to come down first! Oh, can't you think of some plan?"

Then, looking at the two forlorn little figures, Mr. Brown was moved to pity, and in a moment was seized by a sudden inspiration.

"Children," he said impressively, "if you were to come down together and at the same time, no one's word would be broken, and no one's pride would be hurt."

The two little girls pondered a moment silently. Then, looking across the roof, they read consent each in the other's eyes, and slowly began to crawl down until they reached the edge of the roof. There they paused.

"One!" said Margaret.

"Two!" said Mary.

"Three!" said both, and they dropped to the ground.

Once there, their dramatic dignity seemed to Mr. Brown to have departed, and it was with a strong desire to shake them both that he escorted them to their respective homes.

"Mother," said Margaret ruefully, the next day,—a beautiful bright Saturday, which she spent in her own room,—“punishments are strange things, are n't they? Because I stayed too long in one place yesterday, and did n't eat dinner with my family, I have to stay in one place all to-day, and not eat any of my meals with the rest of you.”

"I think your father has dealt mildly with you," her mother answered—"when you remember that but for his legal mind you and Mary might both have died Methuselahs on a shed roof."

"Yes," said Margaret, with penitence sudden and complete. "And indeed I am not going to be late to dinner again, mother, nor make three of my family lose their dinner, either. Only papa says this is for my good; so I hope it is n't unchristianic of me that I can't seem to help hoping Mary's father will do as much for her when he comes back."



"MOTHER," SAID MARGARET RUEFULLY, "PUNISHMENTS ARE STRANGE THINGS, ARE N'T THEY?"

STALLED AT BEAR RUN.

(See Frontispiece.)

BY THOMAS HOLMES.

THE winter of 1889-90 was one of unusual severity in Northern California. The mountain regions were visited by fearful snow-storms, one following quickly upon another. It was the worst winter for the people of Copper City that had been known since the town was established. Business at the mines had been duller than usual the previous summer, and the miners had not been able to lay in a stock of provisions sufficient to carry them comfortably through the season.

Among the unfortunate residents of this beleaguered town were Mrs. Eugen Laurgaard and her son Ulvig, an active lad seventeen years old. Eugen Laurgaard, Ulvig's father, many years before came from Norway and settled in Minnesota, where he entered upon a mercantile business. He prospered for several years, and the prospect for Ulvig's future seemed very bright; but there came some sudden reverses in his business, and so Mr. Laurgaard found himself left with but little besides his health and his willingness to work hard. He was familiar with the charming stories of suddenly acquired fortunes that came from the mining districts of California, and, taking his family, he set out for the land of promise, and at last made his home in Copper City.

At that time Ulvig was twelve years old. Three years Mr. Laurgaard prospected among the mountains with varying success, but the best he could do was to support his family comfortably. One day, while he was digging into the side of a hill, the earth above him gave way, and he was killed.

The blow to Ulvig's mother was overwhelming. She was left penniless in the midst of the rough people, and the fact that she was a woman of culture and refinement made her condition exceedingly trying.

At the time of his father's death, Ulvig was

fifteen years old. Employment was given him in one of the stores; and his mother, with the spirit of a true woman, set her face bravely against her misfortune, and strove to become self-supporting. It was Ulvig's idea that a bakery would pay. There had never been a bakery in the town. The venture was made, mother and son worked hard, and at first it had proved successful. The second year, however, the business did not pay so well. Money grew scarce, and Mrs. Laurgaard was unable to save anything. To make matters worse, when winter came Ulvig's employer was obliged to discharge him, as business was too dull to warrant him in paying a clerk; and then the boy could do nothing but assist his mother about the shop. Ulvig bravely exerted himself to encourage his mother. His hope was that when the next summer came he could find work in the mines.

A snow-storm had been raging two days. The mountains were wrapped in a white mantle, the branches of the pines and redwoods were loaded, and snow lay in the cañon and along the trail to a depth of several feet. At a point down the cañon where a projecting spur of the mountain caused the wind to whirl and eddy, a great barrier of snow was piled up, and sloped steeply toward the town in one direction, and toward the mouth of the cañon in another. At either end of this barrier were set the rocky shoulders of the hills. From the town, straight down the cañon to the railroad, the distance was about four miles.

On the morning of the third day the storm ceased. The clouds cleared away, and a cold, freezing wind set in. In the afternoon Ulvig was at the store of his former employer, when a mountaineer came in. He had come down from the mountains higher up the cañon and beyond the town.

"Tough storm, Greely," said the man, addressing the merchant.

"Worst for years," replied Greely. "How'd you ever live, Collins, to get down here?"

"Did n't want to stay in camp and starve," answered Collins. "Another storm like this would have buried me alive up there. 'T was hard work facin' this wind, but I made out to git here. I would n't have got here, though, if it had n't been for these snow-shoes."

"This is a bad one for the railroad people," said the merchant.

"Bad?—yes!" said Collins; "there 's a train stalled down in Bear Run, now. It seemed to be completely locked in—can't go forrard nor backward. There were two big drifts across the Run, and the train was between them. They won't git out in one week, unless I 'm mightily mistaken. They 're in a bad place; an' those 'snow-plows that they brag so much about can't shovel their way to them in less time than that."

"They stand a chance of runnin' short of victuals, don't they?" asked Greely.

"Yes; and a mighty good chance, too," answered Collins. "You know they don't run a dinin'-car now on this part of the road."

"What 'll they do?" asked Greely.

"That 's a question," replied Collins.

The question that apparently puzzled the merchant and the mountaineer Ulvig decided to answer in a practical way. He hurried home and told his mother what he had heard at the store.

"Now," said he, "I 'm going to earn some money. You make up a lot of sandwiches and cakes, mother, and I will take them to the train. The passengers will pay me well for them."

"How will you cross the drift in the cañon, Ulvig?" asked his mother.

"The skees will take me safely over it," answered the boy. "I 'll make a drag, get the skees into shape, and help pack the food in the baskets."

Ulvig's father had told him a great deal about the customs of the people in his native country. As soon as he was strong enough he was taught to travel over the snow on skees—long, flat, narrow strips of wood, turned up at one end, and very smooth on the bottom.

These long runners are fastened to the traveler's feet with straps, and, moving somewhat as if he were skating, he is able to make very rapid progress over snow.

Ulvig set about polishing the bottom of his skees, which had not been used for many months, strengthened the straps, and made sure that they were in perfect working order. He made a drag by fastening two wide boards together, side by side, and bending the ends up slightly so that they would not dig into the snow. In appearance it resembled a hastily made toboggan.

All night Mrs. Laurgaard and her son labored, and in the morning the baskets were packed and ready to be loaded upon the drag. When the boy had tied them firmly on the drag, fastened the skees to his feet, and was ready to start, a crowd gathered around him. He made the purpose of his undertaking known, and the shouts and cheers that followed him as he glided down the cañon proved his popularity. Ulvig soon reached the top of the great drift across the cañon, and, after tightening the straps on his feet, started down the declivity.

Bear Run is a deep cut among the foothills opposite the mouth of the cañon, and running at right angles with it. On the west side of the cut the hills rise steep and high. On the east side the elevation is lower, so that from the mouth of the cañon the train was in plain view.

When Ulvig shot out from between the jaws of the cañon, the train lay less than a mile away. The huge locomotive, muffled with an iron vizor to the top of the smoke-stack, stood with its nose set doggedly against a vast bank of snow. Ulvig soon reached the train, and as he neared it he was hailed by the conductor and one of the passengers, who came out of the cars, and stood on the platform.

"What do you want?" said the conductor.

Ulvig quickly made his business known. The conductor eyed him sharply for a few moments, then, telling him to stay where he was, turned and reentered the car. Ulvig's heart sank. What if he was not allowed to offer the food for sale on the train? He thought of his mother's disappointment. While the boy was trying to decide what he should do, the con-

ductor reappeared, accompanied by a dapper, sharp-eyed little man.

"Here he is, Jim," said the conductor. "See what you can do with him."

The man with the sharp eyes scanned Ulvig's face narrowly. "Come to sell food to the passengers, eh?" he finally asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Ulvig.

"Where is it?"

Ulvig hauled the drag near the steps so that the man could examine the contents of the baskets. He sampled the sandwiches and the cakes, then held a whispered consultation with the conductor. Finally he turned to Ulvig and said: "I'll pay you twenty dollars for that lot of stuff; and, if you want to, you may bring me another batch just like it, to-morrow morning, at the same price."

Ulvig felt as if his heart was about to jump out of his mouth. Twenty dollars was double the sum that he had expected to get for the food, and he promptly accepted the offer. A half-hour later the dapper man with the sharp eyes was dealing the sandwiches and cakes out to hungry passengers at twenty-five cents apiece; and when a passenger grumbled at the price, the little man smiled sympathetically, and told him that the nearest eating-station was twenty miles away, and the prospect of the train reaching it before the spring thaw set in was not encouraging.

Each cake was neatly wrapped in thin paper, upon which were printed in plain type, running across the top of the package, the words, "Laurgaard Bakery." It was these words that seemed to have a great interest for two passengers who were comfortably quartered in one of the sleeping-coaches. One of these passengers was a pleasant-faced woman; the other a stalwart, middle-aged man. The man held up one of the cakes so that the printing could be seen by his wife.

"There it is, Ingé," he said; "as plain as day — L-a-u-r-g-a-a-r-d."

He arose, and following the vender of the cakes and sandwiches into the next car, asked him if he was acquainted with the proprietors of the Laurgaard bakery.

"Don't know anything about 'em," was the answer, in a voice that was not encouraging.

"Where did you get this?" asked the man.

"Delivered here at the train this morning."

"Will the person be here again?"

"I expect him to-morrow morning."

Returning to his seat, the man unwrapped the cake, carefully folded the paper, and put it in his pocket.

The hours passed slowly to the snow-bound passengers. Various ways of occupying the time pleasantly were devised, but the novelty of the situation soon wore off, and everybody seemed glad when the hour came for sleeping.

The occupants of the train had been asleep several hours, when they were awakened by a roaring; then there was a terrible crashing against the sides of the cars, that trembled as if shaken by an earthquake; a rushing sound; then all was still. The startled passengers could sleep no more, and their alarm was increased when the conductor finally passed through the cars, announcing as he went that the train had been buried in a snowslide.

When morning broke, it was discovered that there were two coaches the tops of which were not covered. Light and air were admitted through the small glass ventilators at the top. There was no immediate danger of suffocation, for the train was made up of vestibule-cars, and with the doors thrown open, the train was like one long, narrow apartment. But since the locomotive was buried, and no fires could be kept up in it, the cars were soon cold, and the passengers became uncomfortable.

When, that morning, Ulvig came out of the cañon with his baskets once more filled with sandwiches and cakes, he could hardly believe his eyes as he looked toward Bear Run, where the train had stood the day before. No train was to be seen! But he caught sight of two straight dark lines projecting above the drifts. He studied them closely for a few moments, and made them out to be the roofs of the cars. It suddenly flashed upon him that the train had been buried in a snowslide.

Quickly removing the baskets from the drag, the boy turned and hurried back to the town. He told the story of the buried train at the stores, and fifty men volunteered to go to the assistance of the passengers. How they were to get there was the question that puzzled them.

This was quickly answered by Ulvig, who proposed to take them over the drift on the drag.

The boy worked like a Trojan, and by the middle of the afternoon twenty-five men were working diligently with shovels around the train. It was midnight when the broad cut through the great mass of snow was completed to the baggage-car. Then the engine was uncovered, the fires started, and in a short time steam was running through the pipes, and the coaches became warm and comfortable.

While Ulvig stood in the midst of a group of passengers, the stalwart man who had manifested so deep an interest in the paper wrapped around the cake approached and asked if his name was Laurgaard.

Ulvig replied that it was.

"I should like to speak with you," said the man.

Ulvig followed the stranger into the sleeping-car. "Your father is proprietor of this establishment, I presume?" said he, stopping near the seat in which the pleasant-faced woman sat, and taking the folded paper from his pocket.

"No, sir," said Ulvig; "my father is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed the woman. "What was his full name?"

"Eugen Laurgaard," replied Ulvig.

"How far is it to the town where you live?" asked the man.

"About four miles."

"Can my wife and I get there?"

"If you care to go, I will take you in the morning on the drag. The only way we can travel up the cañon now is on skees."

"Skees?" exclaimed the man, enthusiastically.

"Ah, I see! your father taught you the use of them. I should like to try them once more myself. We will visit the town in the morning, Ingé, and you and this young man shall be the passengers."

"Yes, Alfred," said the woman. "I *must* see Mrs. Laurgaard."

In the morning, while the men from Copper City continued the work of excavating the train, Ulvig was sent to the town for provisions. The man with the broad shoulders placed his wife on the drag, in the midst of a pile of wraps, and insisted that Ulvig should ride

too; then, fastening the skees to his feet, he set out across the snow at a pace that astonished the boy.

As they sped over the snow, Ulvig wondered why the woman had taken such an interest in his mother.

The residents of Copper City, who saw the tall, strong-limbed stranger glide through the town on the skees and stop at the door of the Laurgaard bakery, were astonished. There was no greater, however, than the astonishment of Mrs. Laurgaard, who stood at a window anxiously watching for Ulvig, for his long absence had caused her some distress.

The strangers followed Ulvig into the shop. Without ceremony the woman stepped up to Mrs. Laurgaard, looked at her closely, and then embraced her affectionately.

"Yes, Alfred, it is she!" cried the woman, as he entered; "my brother is dead, but I have found his wife."

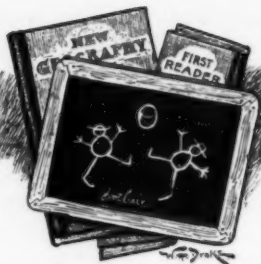
He embraced his wife and kissed her, and the next instant Ulvig's mother was greeted with warm affection. The boy was puzzled, but when the woman placed her hand on his shoulder, and, fixing her eyes on his face, said, "How like your father as I remember him years ago! I am proud of my nephew, but your name should be Eugen," he knew that she was the aunt of whom his father had often spoken.

Ten days later, the snow-bound train was released by snow-plows, and when it proceeded southward it carried two more passengers than it brought, for Mrs. Laurgaard and her son had gone with their new-found relatives.

That evening the mountaineer, enjoying his pipe by the stove in Mr. Greely's store, said: "I hear that the widow Laurgaard and her boy have gone east."

"Yes," replied Mr. Greely. "Eugen's sister, who's the wife of a rich merchant in Boston, accidentally found them and took them back to live with her. It seems that she had heard nothing from her brother for many years. If it had n't been for that blockade in the Run, she might never have found his family. It seems that she and her husband were out on a trip for her health, and the name on a paper wrapped around a cake that Ulvig sold on the train gave her the clue. Queer thing, was n't it?"

LITTLE TOMMY'S



MONDAY MORNING.

(In a meter neither new nor difficult.)

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ALL was well on Sunday morning,
All was quiet Sunday evening;
But behold, quite early Monday
Came a queer, surprising

Weakness—

Weakness seizing little
Tommy!

It came shortly after break-
fast—

Breakfast with wheat-cakes
and honey

Eagerly devoured by
Tommy,

Who till then was well
as could be.

Then, without a mo-
ment's warning,
Like a sneeze, that
awful Aw-choo!

Came this Weakness
on poor Tommy.

"Mother, dear," he
whined, "dear
mother,

I am feeling rather strangely—

Don't know what 's the matter with me—

My right leg is
out of kilter,

While my ear—
my left ear—
itches.

Don't you know
that queerish
feeling?"



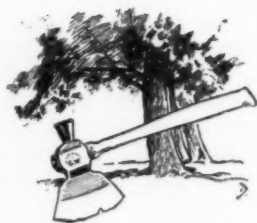
"Not exactly," said his mother.

"Does your head ache, Tommy dearest?"

Little Thomas, al-
ways truthful,
Would not say his
head was aching,
For, you know, it
really was n't.

"No, it does n't
ache," he an-
swered

(Thinking of that noble story



Of the Cherry-tree and
Hatchet);

"But I'm tired, and I'm
sleepy,

And my shoulder 's
rather achy.

Don't you think per-
haps I'd better
Stay at home with you,
dear mother?"

Thoughtfully his mo-
ther questioned,
"How about your school,
dear Tommy?"

Do you wish to miss your lessons?"

"Well, you know," was Tommy's answer,

"Saturday we played at foot-ball;

I was tired in the evening,

So I did n't learn my lessons—

Left them all for Monday morning,
Monday morning bright and early—"

"And this morning you slept over?"

So his mother interrupted.

"Yes, mama," admitted Tommy.

"So I have not learned my lessons;

And I'd better wait till Tuesday.
Tuesday I can start in earnest—
Tuesday when I'm feeling brighter!"

Smilingly his mother eyed him,
Then she said, "Go ask your father—
You will find him in his study,
Adding up the week's expenses.
See what father says about it."



Toward the door went Tommy slowly,
Seized the knob as if to turn it.
Did not turn it; but, returning,
Back he came unto his mother.
"Mother," said he, very slowly,
"Mother, I don't feel so badly;



Maybe I'll get through my lessons.

Anyway, I think I'll risk it.
Have you seen my books,
dear mother,—

My Geography and Speller,
History and Definitions,—
Since I brought them home
on Friday?"

No. His mother had not
seen them.

Then began a search by
Tommy.

Long he searched, almost
despairing,

While the clock was striking loudly.
And at length when Tommy found them—
Found his books beneath the sofa—
He'd forgotten all his Weakness,

Pains and aches
were quite for-
gotten.

At full speed he
hastened school-
ward.

But in vain, for
he was tardy,
All because of that
strange Weakness
He had felt on Monday morning.



Would you know the
name that's given,
How they call
that curious
feeling?

'T is the dreaded
"Idon'twant-
to"—

Never fatal, but
quite common
To the tribe of
Verylazy.

Would you know
the charm that
cures it—

Cures the Weakness "Idon'twantto"?
It is known as "Butyou'vegotto,"
And no boy should be without it.

Now you know the curious legend
Of the paleface little Tommy,
Of his Weakness and its curing
By the great charm "Butyou'vegotto."
Think of it on Monday mornings—
It will save you lots of trouble.





BY G. T. FERRIS.

BEFORE the next issue of ST. NICHOLAS reaches its readers, the world will have witnessed at Athens, the capital of the Greek nation, a curious and interesting spectacle. Greeks and strangers will assemble to witness athletic games in which strong men from all nations will compete for the crown of victory.

The revival of these games will surely interest the older boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS, and for them particularly this paper has been prepared.

These closing ten years of the nineteenth century may be called the period of international games. If the Greek gymnastic festival of April, 1896, signified no more than a series of games offering the hospitality of the country, over which the glamour of a glorious past lingers like a rich sunset, it would be a notable event. But it is more than this—far more. The enterprise revives the memory and spirit of an institution which shed a peculiar luster on the history of classic Greece. It entered into the life of the ancient Greek to an extent which we of to-day can scarcely realize. It was associated with his religion, his civic pride, his ideals of art, and his highest patriotism. This institution was the Olympic festival, celebrated every four years at Olympia, on the river Alpheus, near the borders of Elis and Pisa, and so kept up for more than a thousand years. There were other national games of a similar sort—such as the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Isthmian games; but these, though highly regarded, were of far less dignity and interest. When one speaks, then, of the Olympic games there

arises in the mind a picture of those vast gatherings where all Greece, though to the very time divided by civil wars, remembered for a brief period that its borders bounded one people—a people of one blood, one glory, and one destiny. The hold of the Olympic festival on the ancient Hellenic world is seen in the fact that from 776 B. C. time was measured by "Olympiads," or the four-year intervals between the games.

The remote origin of this festival is hidden in myths, as is the case with so many customs of the classic ages. In general, all these legends ascribe the games to the demigod Hercules as founder. Sufficient time had passed for the early form of this festival to have gone into decay, before it was revived and had a historic beginning. This occurred under the patronage of Iphitus, king of Elis, and Lycurgus the celebrated lawgiver of the Spartan commonwealth. It is fixed at or about 884 B. C. This revival soon lighted a living spark which fired Greek blood everywhere, and in less than half a century the festival became national in character.

Only contestants of pure Hellenic blood were allowed to enter their names. As time rolled on, and the Greeks (who were, you know, great sailors and merchants) pushed their maritime enterprises, and established colonies throughout the whole length and breadth of the Mediterranean, children of the greater Greece, everywhere from the distant borders of Persia to where the city of Marseilles now stands, assembled to struggle for the prize wreath. The interest of the Greek race in these games became a passion. To win a victory in any of the con-

tests reflected as much glory on the athlete and on his community as if he had been the successful general in a great battle. His name was added to the brazen tablets recording the celebrities and benefactors of his native town. If he died on this field of honor,—as was often the case, even in the flush of victory,—he became almost an idol in the public esteem, and his family was ennobled and enriched by public decree.

The Olympic festival, the details of which by common Greek consent were in charge of the Eleans, was supposed to be under the direct care of Olympian Zeus, the father of the gods, and the locality where the sports were held was sacred ground. Olympia was scarcely a town; it was rather a collection of temples and public buildings exhibiting the noblest art of Greece in sculpture, painting, and architecture. The recent excavations made by the Greek and Italian governments (1875-81) have made clear to us the plan of the place, and uncovered many interesting relics of ancient art. The quadrangle called the Altis was peculiarly sacred; and here stood the temples of Zeus and of Hera his wife, and of other deities, with the treasure-houses of many of the Greek states. In the midst was the high altar of the father of the gods, and near by the colossal statue of him, made of gold and ivory by Phidias, the greatest of sculptors,—a work considered one of the seven wonders of the world. Athens itself scarcely contained greater marvels of art than Olympia, for all the skill and pride of the Greek race lent themselves to making the site worthy of the national importance of the festival.

The date of the celebrations was from the 11th to the 15th of the month of the first full moon after the summer solstice, and preparation in the training of athletes began ten months before throughout the whole of Greece. Some of those were selected as representatives of states, but any free-born Greek could enter for himself. Universal peace during the month of the games was proclaimed by heralds in every part of Hellas, and the slightest breaking of the sacred truce was thought sacrilege, which deities and men alike were bound to punish. The judges of the games, or "*Hellandicæ*," ranging from nine to twelve in number at different times, were

elected by the Eleans. All who wished to be judges were required to show not only that they had never committed a crime, public or private, but that they were stainless in moral character. Not unfrequently even men of distinction were excluded by this severe test during the golden age of Hellenic honor.

The different combats consisted of leaping, the foot-race, wrestling, throwing the discus (like the modern "putting the shot"), boxing, the pancratium, the pentathlon, chariot-racing, horse-racing, and the contests of the heralds and trumpeters. Most of these were more or less varied. The foot-races were for different distances, and one of them, that of the hoplites, or heavy-armed soldiers, was run in full battle armor. In boxing, the fists of the contestants were wrapped in the terrible cestus, a glove of hide loaded with metal, and its blow was often fatal. The pancratium united wrestling and boxing, but without the use of the cestus. The pentathlon was a group of five contests: leaping, the foot-race, throwing the quoit or discus, throwing the spear, and wrestling. The prize-winner must excel in all. Chariot-racing was with two and four horses, or even with mules; and the running horse-races corresponded very closely with those of modern times. Boys of from fourteen to eighteen also had contests, in all respects like those of adults, except that the boys did not use the cestus. In some cases competitors still within the boyish limit were permitted to do battle with their elders; and these youngsters occasionally secured the crown, even in the severer contests of skill and strength.

Greek boys began to be trained in bodily exercises at a very early age—often at ten years. The problem was not merely to develop strength and health, but to secure grace and beauty, perfect beauty being thought the outer expression of perfect strength. It was this passion for the beautiful, in every phase of Greek life, which made its sculpture and architecture the noblest the world has seen. But the thought had a still deeper root. The Greek assumed that it was only in the perfect and symmetrical body that the well-balanced mind could dwell; so physical culture held a foremost place in his plan of education, and the daily toils of the

palestra (or wrestling-field) and the gymnasium were a part of the life of the growing lad, and a part not to be shirked. The part taken by boys in the Olympic games shows how deeply this festival had taken root in Greek thought and life.

The diggings at Olympia have revealed an amphitheater 234 yards in length by 35 in width, oblong in shape, with sloping banks. This inclosed a stadium, or foot-race course, of 200 yards in length of circuit; and within its oval were held other games, but not the horse- and chariot-races. There are no signs of seats, and the spectators must have viewed the games from the grassy terraces above, where there was room for a multitude of 50,000. The hippodrome, of which only faint traces have been found, was laid out only a little way from this stadium. Here was heard the stirring music of that rhythmical hoof-beat so well reproduced alike in sound and sense in the beautiful Virgilian line which so many boys have at their tongue's end:

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Which is thus imitated in English, "And the base hoof of the quadruped shaketh the mouldering earth in its flight."

The chariot-races, like those of the Roman circus, imitated from the Greek, were of striking interest. There was scarcely any honor of the games more glorious than the charioteer's victory, especially if the owner drove his own horses. The danger to life and limb undergone by the charioteer was not less than that risked by the athlete in boxing with the cestus, or in the pancratium. The vivid chapter in "Ben Hur" depicting the chances and perils of a chariot-race essentially the same as that of the Olympic games gives an excellent notion of such a contest.

The games of the stadium were of course open to all, from the wearer of the purple cloak to him of the sheepskin jacket; and in many instances the free-born peasant wrested the coveted prize from his rich rival. In the horse-racing, however, the wealthy alone were represented, though they did not always drive their own chariots or ride their own horses. From all parts of the Greek-speaking world, when

the Olympic festival reached its full splendor, princes, nobles, and rich citizens sent teams of untold value to compete. Even women, who were not permitted to be present in person, were often represented by race-horses, which were sometimes the first to reach the goal-pillars.

About the first of the Olympic month war and battle-sound ceased throughout the length and breadth of Hellas. The distant roads which led to Olympia were thronged with pilgrims bound on a journey almost as sacred as that of the pilgrimage to Mecca by the devout Mohammedan. As the distance lessened and the time neared, the travelers became more numerous, and it seemed as if Greece despatched all her bravest and strongest and noblest sons into these converging currents. On horseback and muleback, on foot and in litter, some carrying their simple luggage upon their backs, some with elaborate wagons containing splendid camp equipage and the richest wines and food guarded by a retinue of servants, they choked each route with an army of teeming life. The five festival days were a great national picnic, where almost everything was enjoyed in the open air under a glorious midsummer sky. A few of the distinguished visitors were cared for in the temples; but a majority, even of the wealthy, chose the free life of their own tents. The daily scene, one can fancy, was rich with life and pictorial effect. One of the fairest of Greek valleys, with snow-crowned heights in the background, its own bosom crowned with the white-pillared beauty of a hundred temples and public edifices, is filled with thousands of tents of every color, like gigantic flowers. During the hours when the visitors do not resort to the stadium to thrill with the terrible struggles of the runners or wrestlers or boxers, or to watch the smoking horses in the hippodrome, they may amuse themselves at the booths of the traders and chapmen. For from all parts of the civilized world merchants have gathered to sell their wares, ranging from the rarest jewels and most elaborate goldsmith work to simple articles of daily use.

Olympia was indeed the arena of the greatest public games of antiquity, for we can scarcely call by this name the cruelties of the Roman amphitheater; but it was also the site of one



GREEK YOUTHS ON HORSEBACK. SCULPTURES FROM THE PARTHENON.

of its busy and active fairs, a "national exposition" under canvas, every four years.

Mental enjoyment of the higher sort was not missing from the entertainment. The leading tragedies were represented in one of the finest theaters of Greece. Poets and historians came here also to recite their new works, and so to publish their fame to the world. It is said that many of the stirring odes of Pindar were made public in this way, and that Herodotus, the father of history, first read his delightful story before the audience at an Olympic festival.

The modern Greek has shown a desire to preserve, as well as he can under new conditions, the traditions of his ancient people. He speaks more nearly than any other nation the language of his past, for modern Greek is one with the classic tongue. Demosthenes risen from the dust could easily be understood by a modern Athenian mob. Some have joked at the attempts of the Hellene of to-day to revive the outer shell of the old life, calling it "pedantry." Yet there is something beautiful about the effort, however absurd in some of its forms. But if there have been follies, the proposed revival of the Olympic games is not among them; for it is the purpose of the new Olympic festival to assemble in brotherly combat not Greeks only, but the chosen athletes of all the peoples to whom old Greece has left so rich a legacy. And no nation of to-day, from the Mediterranean to this new empire across the Atlantic, when it takes account of its true wealth, will undervalue what it has acquired from the land of Homer, Phidias, and Pericles.

When the revival was first proposed, more than two years ago, Greeks of every class joyfully responded, though the suggestion came from France. It was clearly out of the question, for practical reasons, to locate the games at the old, and new-found, Olympia. Equally impossible was an exact revival of the old festi-

val. In detail the ancient games befitted the life long since passed away. The proper site was found in Athens, the metropolis and leading railway center of modern Greece. The Piræus, only five miles from the city, opens on the blue waters of the Saronic Gulf and the islanded beauty of the Ægean Sea. Yachts, traversing a long course here, would cut the same waves which witnessed one of the world's greatest naval battles off the promontory of Salamis.

To give the project any hope of success it was seen that the games must be modern in character, such as can be sensibly held at various cities in other parts of the world in time to come. Jerseys, knickerbockers, and modern running-shoes must replace the trained muscles, glistening with oil, which once delighted the beauty-loving Greeks. The blows of the iron-clad cestus; the firm lock of the wrestlers, with its trick of hurling over the hip, which meant broken bones to the vanquished; the complex combats, taxing the last reserve of skill, audacity, and strength; the wild drive of the chariots, with the inevitable crash in jockeying for the wall, and shortening the curve at the corner pillars—these things will no longer darken the Olympic spectacle with the shadow of tragedy. But in short- and long-distance running, jumping, leaping, throwing the discus or quoit, and the running races of horses ridden by gentleman-riders, there will be a close likeness to the old games. To these the schedule adds most of the standard forms of modern athletic contests.

The principal part of the festival will be at the ancient stadium on the Athenian plain near the city. Here were once celebrated the games of Attica and her allies. A wild waste for many centuries, it was excavated a few years ago by King George of Greece. Now it has been restored in detail for this occasion by the

generosity of Georgius Avéroff, a rich Greek of Alexandria, Egypt, at an expense of 600,000 francs, so it will appear in its old splendor of white marble. The amphitheater seats from 50,000 to 70,000 spectators, and incloses a course 670 feet in length by 109 feet in breadth, giving a level area of 8100 square yards for the gymnastic and field sports, with a broad foot-race track as well.

One of the most interesting features of the games will be the long-distance race of twenty miles, from Marathon to Athens, in memory of the brave courier who died of exhaustion after he had brought tidings of Miltiades's great victory over Darius. To the victor, M. Victor Bréal of the French Institute has offered the prize of a silver amphora or wine-vessel. The general prize of each contest is a silver olive wreath, to commemorate the simple wreath of wild olive that in ancient times was the only token of victory.

In addition to the athletic games and field-sports it is proposed also to represent an ancient drama in some well-preserved classic Greek theater. The dances of to-day, believed by many scholars to be relics of the classic age, will be rendered by peasant dancers in costume; and various musical societies will furnish the music for the festival.

For the inauguration the date of April 6 has been selected, as it is the seventy-fifth anniversary of Greek independence. The middle month of spring, too, is the most delightful in the Greek year—much like the American June. The Athenians have completed exten-

sive preparations for making the modern revival worthy of the ancient fame of the Olympic games, and for the entertainment of visitors. It is pleasant to note that the first to send a contribution to the Festival Committee was Mr. Alexander, the United States Minister to Greece, who is known to be an enthusiast in Hellenic studies.

Literature, art, and commerce, steam and electricity—these have knit the world closer. But the powers which repel nations from each other are not less than those which make for friendship. Wars and rumors of wars have cast their gloom over our waning century. Scarcely a month passes without another threat of a clash of arms. Any new influence which may lessen the jealousy of nations, with their millions of soldiers ready to fall into line of battle, is to be cherished.

The so-called revival of the Olympic games suggests a promise bigger and fairer than anything we have practised as international sport. The tradition of the old Greek festival has lived through more than twenty centuries. More than almost any other classic event it is armed with magic to kindle the fancy of a later time. It can touch the men of to-day with the deep sense of human brotherhood, and the projectors of the revival have embodied this thought in eloquent words. Once more the world has heard from the top of the Hill of Mars the swelling note of the apostle Paul in praise of the "Unknown God," who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."





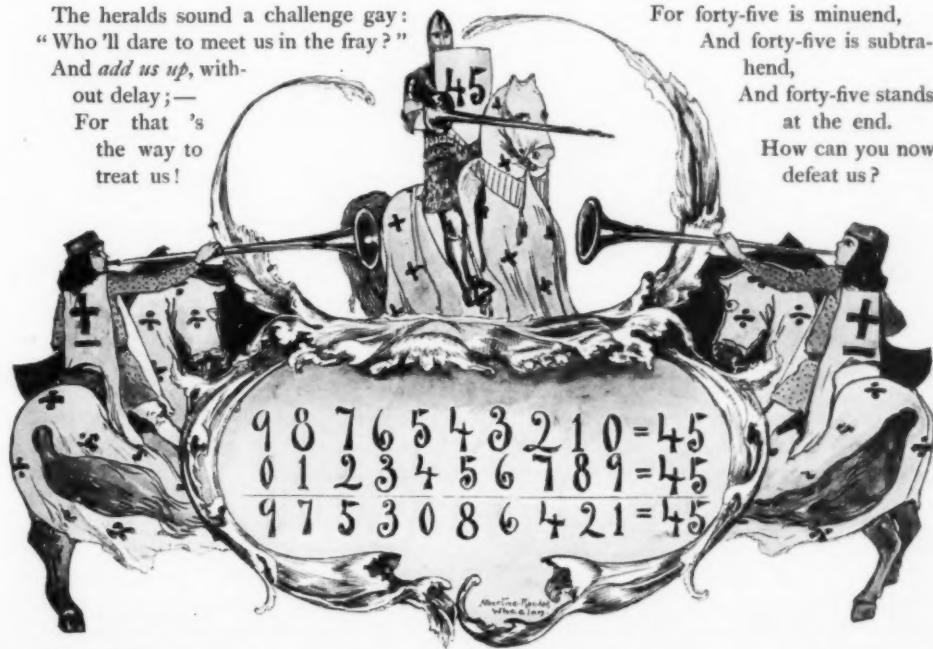
TEN valiant knights of old are we!
 Ten famous knights from Araby!
 We 've traveled over land and sea,
 To tilt with all who 'll meet us!

Ten noble knights armed cap-a-pie,
 Whose figured shields, full artfully,
 Betoken titles all may see
 Who ride in haste to greet us!

But when we joust in double line,
 Where ranks reversed are led by "nine,"
 If you *subtract* you 'll soon divine
 It 's difficult to beat us!

The heralds sound a challenge gay:
 "Who 'll dare to meet us in the fray?"
 And *add us up*, with-
 out delay;—
 For that 's
 the way to
 treat us!

For forty-five is minuend,
 And forty-five is subtra-
 hend,
 And forty-five stands
 at the end.
 How can you now
 defeat us?



THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(A Story of the Year 30 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEALING OF THE LEPER.

ALL over the world, in those days, there was a strong belief that some being was to come and bring with him a great change for good. The Jews especially believed this, because it was prophesied in their scriptures. They expected a king descended from David,—“the Messiah,”—who would not only restore the kingdom ruled by David, but add to it all other kingdoms, so that the Jews would rule the world. All that was said about “the Messiah, the Christ,” however, made it plain that the Jews had formed positive ideas as to what he would be and what he would do, and therefore they were prepared to oppose the adherents of one who did not fulfil their expectations. Cyril was like the rest: the kingdom he hoped for was one which would require grand palaces, strong castles, great armies, and more splendor than that of Herod or even of the Emperor of Rome. He and Lois were aware that they were growing older, and able to share in the prosperity of their people, and they both were glad of this. Lois feared that her brother, though so strong and energetic, was growing almost too fast; but he was so erect and soldierly, she thought, and he was nobler, finer-looking, than the other youths along the lake-shore. Not one of them could overcome him in their wrestling games, and he surpassed them all in other trials of strength and skill.

“His only dream,” she said to herself, “is one day to be a captain in the army of our King.”

Tidings came at last that Jesus was once more drawing nearer to Capernaum, teaching and healing as he came. He was soon reported

to be among the neighboring villages, and Cyril said to Lois: “I am going to find him.”

So it came to pass that, one sunny morning, Lois stood and looked lovingly, proudly, after her brother, as he set forth to seek the Master.

“I wish I could go with him!” she thought. “But Cyril will return and tell all he has seen.”

“We know now,” Cyril was thinking as he went his way, “the wonderful things the Master can do. He has cured the sick everywhere. And why can he not bring back the greatness of our nation?”

He was in a discontented state of mind, and he walked rapidly. As he went along the road, he suddenly heard a strange cry, and exclaimed: “Poor creature! I must not come too near him!”

Upon the cool breeze was borne that cry so mournful, so forlorn, that it might have touched a harder heart than Cyril’s.

“Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!” It was the warning shout of a leper, one of the victims of the most terrible of all diseases. This poor outcast could hardly walk, and he was evidently making a desperate effort. Indeed, only the strength of despair forced him along the road.

Cyril shuddered, glancing in the sufferer’s face, and, as the poor man passed, he said to himself: “A leper? Could the Master cure *him*?”

If there were any limit to the healing power, it might well be found here. Cyril could already see the throng at the wayside, gathered around the Master, and he said, “The leper is seeking him!”

Could it be that the outcast himself had any hope, any expectation of aid?

With every moment Cyril found his interest in the unfortunate man increasing. It was terrible to think that nothing could be done; that

he would have to withdraw himself from the crowd, as the law required.

Now the prophet of Nazareth, as many called him, was standing in the shade of a tree at the roadside, and the crowd pressed about him. John was there, and James, with Simon, and others whom Cyril knew; but what surprised Cyril was to see, just behind the tall form of Simon, the dignified rabbi, Isaac Ben Nassur.

He had come, indeed, all the way from Cana, to continue his duty as a rabbi, and a keeper of the public conscience concerning any new doctrine. He had probably just arrived, for there was no dust upon him, nor any other sign that he had come with that throng of wayfarers.

"Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!" There was now an appeal in the leper's warning.

He may have feared some hand of local authority forbidding him to come nearer. Those near him, indeed, did shrink away, as he came hurrying forward, for he was an object to cause repulsion. Still, even while withdrawing, the crowd made way for him, and the leper fell upon his knees at the feet of the Master, breathlessly looking up into the face of the man of Nazareth.

Cyril saw that John and Simon and Ben Nassur and the rest were crowding forward.

Then came the pitiful appeal from the lips of the kneeling leper, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

They saw the Master's hand go out to touch the poor suppliant, and then the gentle voice spoke: "I will; be thou clean."

Breathless expectation made an oppressive stillness that was quickly broken by a smothered exclamation from the lips of Isaac Ben Nassur:

"It is indeed a miracle!" he muttered. "He is made clean!"

Cyril gazed in wonder, for swift indeed was the change which came upon the face that made him shudder when he passed it on the road. It was as if new blood began to course through every vein of the kneeling man, as if a fountain of new life had been opened in him to send its healing forces through every nerve and fiber. For one moment only he continued kneeling, in a glad, half-doubtful astonishment, and then he slowly arose.

And now the Master said solemnly to the man whom he had healed: "See thou say nothing

to any man; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them."

"That is right," muttered Ben Nassur, approvingly. "He is truly a rabbi. He is zealous for the Law. It is safe for the people to follow him."

"But the healing cannot be kept secret. Everybody saw it done," thought Cyril, as he looked again into the now bright, joyous face of the healed man, who was gazing in speechless gratitude upon that of the Master.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SICK OF THE PALSY.

THE healing of the leper was soon told to the people of Capernaum. The report went abroad also to other communities, and many of the Master's teachings went with it.

When, a few days later, the Master came to Capernaum, it seemed that all the people came swarming around the house of Simon, where he was staying. John and Andrew and the other disciples were with him, and so was Isaac Ben Nassur. Lois was yet in the house when the Master came.

Cyril remained outside among the throng, which was now so dense that it was impossible for any more to get into the house. The words of the Teacher, however, could often be heard from outside.

From another corner of the little city there had arrived four men bearing a litter, or hammock, wherein lay a man who seemed beyond all aid. He was more helpless than the leper, for this man could move neither hand nor foot. Still it was firmly the conviction of Cyril, as well as of the palsied man's carriers, that if the Master could touch him he would be helped. The men seemed puzzled by the crowd, but after some consultation they advanced toward the house.

"They are going to let him down through the roof. I can help!" exclaimed Cyril.

They could not have done so if the house had been a well-built, massive two-story structure, like that of Ben Nassur at Cana. There

were few such in Capernaum, however, and that of Simon was like most of the other dwellings, of only one story, with a slight roof, a wooden framework plastered with mortar, and covered thinly with earth and tiling.

The friends of the sufferer were strong and zealous, and no man hindered them. They hoisted the hammock, and long cords were tied to its four corners. A few minutes of work with trowel and hatchet and hands, and Cyril and the others on the roof were able to lower the helpless paralytic into the house.

The Master had healed many sick with various diseases, but never so helpless a man as this. Cyril peered down through the broken roof in eager expectation, and Lois, in the room below, crept nearer, till she could put one small brown hand upon a corner of the hammock and gaze at the deathlike face whose nerveless lips were without motion or expression.

One swift glance upward at the expectant faces of those who had in this way overcome the obstacles between their friend and his helper. He saw their faith, and turning

to the palsied man, the man of Nazareth said: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

"Now," thought Lois and Cyril, "he is going to lay his hand on him and heal him."

They were waiting breathlessly, for a moment;

but other thoughts than theirs were half angrily manifesting themselves in the darkening faces of the most important men who heard. There were among those who so filled the room scribes learned in the law, men of sacred authority, rabbis as wise as Ben Nassur, or wiser;



"THE POOR OUTCAST WAS EVIDENTLY MAKING A DESPERATE EFFORT." (SEE PAGE 514.)

and their very eyes burned with the indignant protest their tongues were not ready to utter: "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?"

Then, as if they had actually spoken:

"Why reason ye these things in your hearts?" said the Master unto them. "Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?"

Cyril was looking at the yet motionless face in the hammock.

"The Master has not touched him," said Lois to herself. He did not; he only looked from one to another of the scribes, as if he were reading their hearts, like written books, and said:

"But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins—" he paused, and looking down, said to the man sick of the palsy, "I say unto thee, arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way unto thine house."

Up rose the form that had been so nearly without life, so utterly without motion. The hands which a moment before could not move their fingers, reached down and picked up the hammock. The dense crowd parted before him as he turned toward the door, and he walked away with the firm, elastic tread of health and strength.

Nevertheless, the thronging to see such a proof of power compelled Jesus to leave the house and go to the seaside to teach the rapidly increasing multitude.

Cyril did not go with them at once. And while he was assisting the workmen who had come to close the opening made to let down the palsied man, Lois found an opportunity to say to her brother:

"I heard Isaac Ben Nassur and the scribes talking among themselves. They were disturbed, and seemed greatly offended because all, even the lowest people in Capernaum, are flocking to hear him. What has he to do with them? I heard Ben Nassur say that they are accursed.

"What do they mean, Cyril?" Lois went on, "must he not be King over everybody when he establishes his kingdom?"

"Yes," said Cyril, doubtfully; "and I suppose some of these people will make good soldiers. Father says the Romans are wise, and

they make soldiers of any that can fight. We Jews are to be the captains."

Before long Cyril had a puzzling matter to consider—the same question that interested all those who, like Ben Nassur, were ready to believe that the prophet of Nazareth was really a rabbi, zealous for the Law.

It was no new thing for a Jewish teacher, rabbi, or prophet to select from among his friends or pupils a certain number who made up his school or traveling household. Already it was well understood that John and Peter and their brothers were in this way followers of Jesus; but Jesus now formally filled the number up to twelve, as if, some thought, to represent the tribes of Israel. No youth like Cyril could hope to be among these; but it was at least expected that the chosen would be Jews of good standing, and men of acknowledged patriotism.

"He has not selected them for captains," said Cyril to himself, concerning certain of the chosen disciples. "Most of them are fishermen or working-men."

When Cyril next saw the Rabbi Ben Nassur, he told Cyril indignantly that the latest choice made by the Master was no other than Levi, the tax-gatherer of Capernaum, the "publican," who exacted the imposts of the Romans, and was more hated than any Roman—even more despised than any Samaritan—for doing so. His other name was Matthew, and every zealous Jew regarded him as a traitor to his nation, and worse than a heathen.

"He called him even as he was actually sitting at the seat of custom, receiving taxes for our oppressors!" declared the angry rabbi.

"Did Matthew follow him?" asked Cyril, with boyish directness.

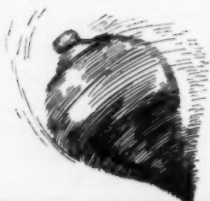
"He left everything, and followed Jesus. He is to be one of the twelve," said the rabbi. "They are all in his house now—publicans and sinners—and the Man of Nazareth is eating and drinking with them. I will have done with them. I will go back to Cana. I can have no fellowship with the accursed."

So he went his way, full of bitterness.

(To be continued.)



"THE MOON MUST LOVE ME VERY MUCH, FOR, WHEN THE NIGHT IS FINE,
OF ALL THE WINDOWS IN THE WORLD, IT COMES AND SHINES THROUGH MINE!"

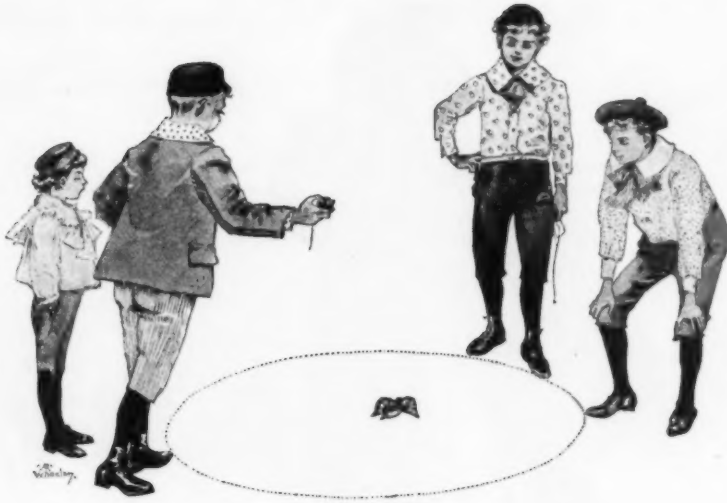


IN TOP TIME.

BY HENRY REEVES.

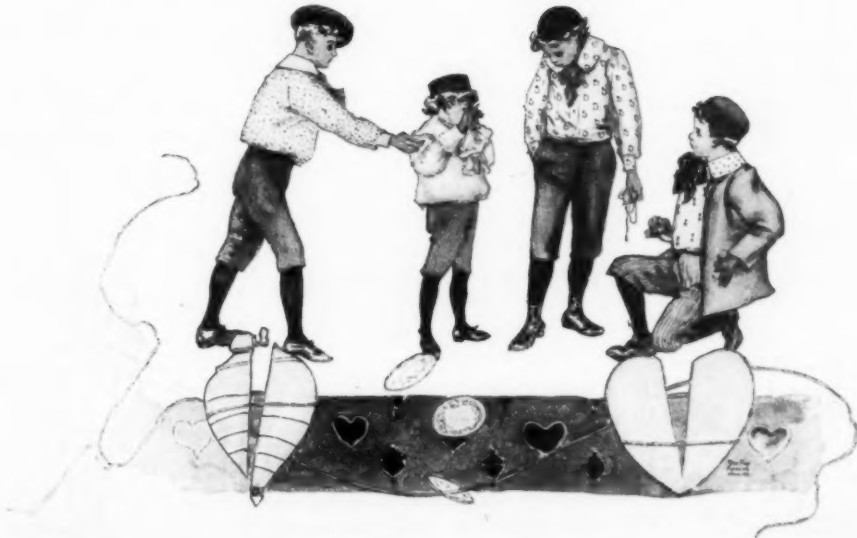
THREE tops were lying in the ring;
Three tip-top boys stood by;
Tip-tap! They flung their tops on top
To make the others fly,—
When little 'Tim from Topping street
With top in hand came nigh.

Said he: "I'll play at tops with you;"
"Good! Lay it down," said they.
So in the ring among the tops
His little spinner lay.
Tip-tap! down came a heavy top
And knocked the rest away.



It split the top of little Tim;
 Apart the pieces flew;
 You'd think it was his heart that split,
 He made so much ado,—
 "My top will never spin again—
 My top is split in two!"

The tip-top boys some pennies gave
 To Tim, and stopped his cry;
 And off he ran to Topping street
 Another top to buy,—
 A bright new top, a splendid top,
 A tip-top top to buy.



MARCH WINDS.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.



Blow, blow, March winds, blow!
Blow us April, if you please.
Blow away the cold white snow,
Blow the leaves out on the trees,

Blow the ice from off the brooks,
Set their merry water free,
Blow dead leaves from woodsy nooks,
Show the violets to me.

Do all this; 't will be but play.
Then—please to blow yourself away!

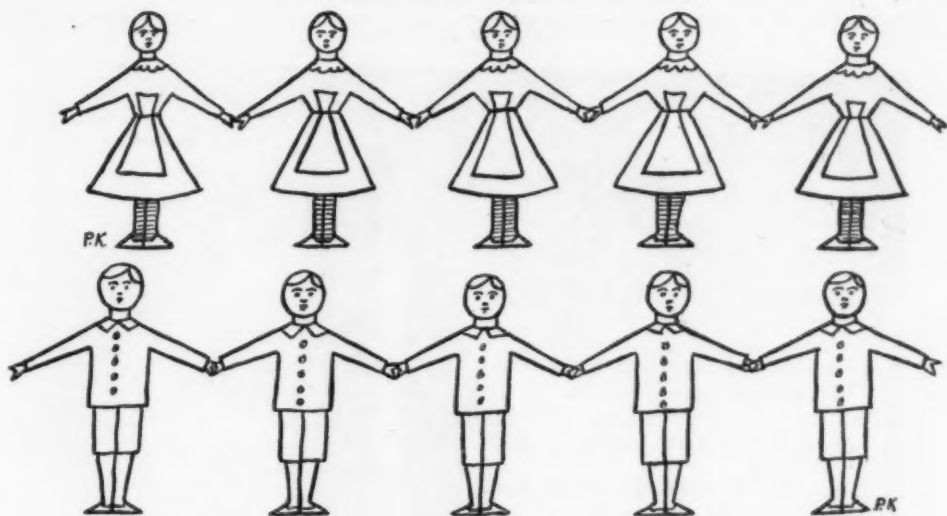
PAPER-DOLL POEMS.

BY POLLY KING.



DEAR little paper dolls, that grow
All in a beautiful, even row!
Their toes turn out in a way that's grand,
And they look so friendly, hand in hand.
I've boughten dolls put away on the shelf—
For I love these best, that I make myself.





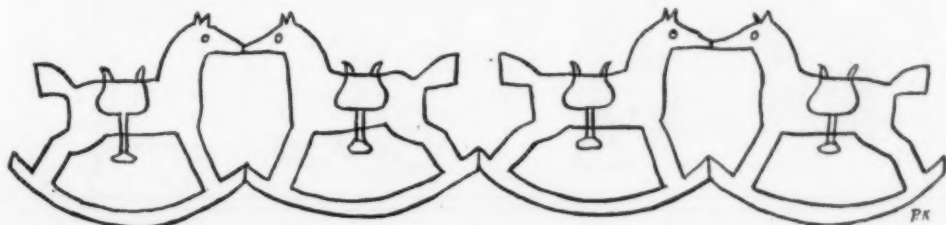
Then there come nice little paper boys
 Who play with the girls, and break their toys.
 They all have trousers down to their knees,
 And they may shout just as loud as they please.
 They never are bothered with dresses and curls,
 And *never* are taken for little girls.



Of course there are cats in Paper Land,
 Or who would catch the rats?
 They talk the language children talk,
 And not the talk of cats.
 They say, instead of "purr," and "mew,"
 "Good afternoon," and "How do you do?"

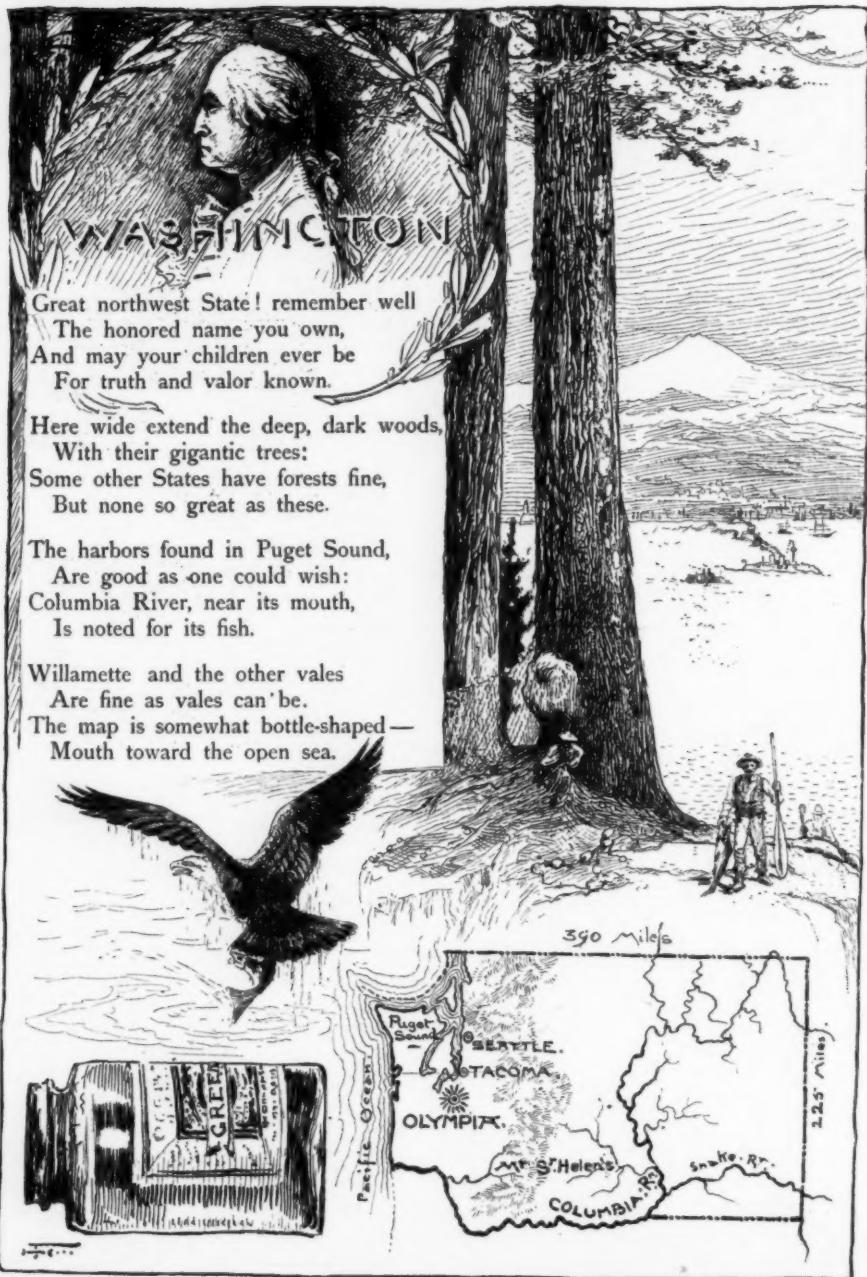


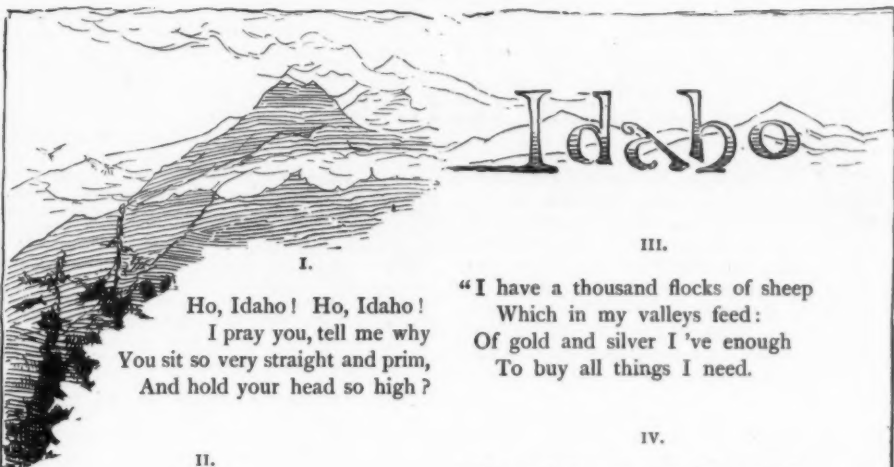
The paper folks don't always walk,
 But ride out every day;
 Their horses go just like the wind,
 And do not care for hay—
 They gallop in a long straight line,
 And really do look very fine.



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.





Ho, Idaho! Ho, Idaho!
I pray you, tell me why
You sit so very straight and prim,
And hold your head so high?

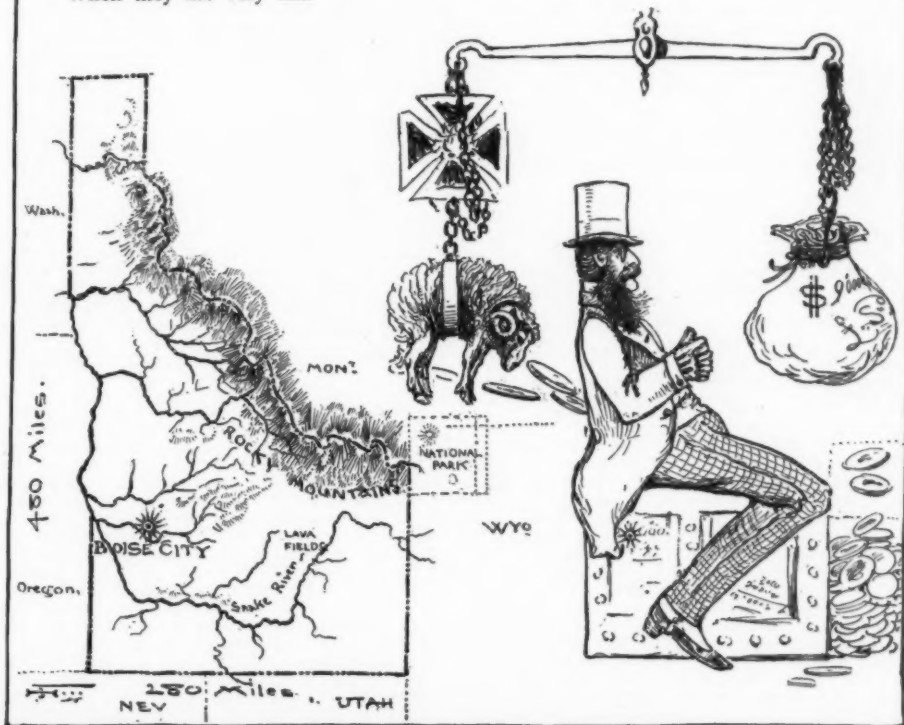
"I have a thousand flocks of sheep
Which in my valleys feed:
Of gold and silver I've enough
To buy all things I need.

II.

"Because my mountains are so firm—
They will not bend at all;
And people's heads are always high,
When they are very tall.

IV.

"My capital—you ask the name?
'T is Boisé, if you please:
The National Park?—Oh, yes, indeed,
It rests against my knees."



THE LETTER-BOX.

LONG after the closing of the lists in the "Marion's Adventures" puzzle, there came addressed to the Little Schoolma'am three travelers from foreign climes — the answers sent by three of her good friends on the other side of the globe. One came from China, and two from the island continent — Australia. The Little Schoolma'am thanks her correspondents for their kind letters, and regrets that it is not practicable to extend the limit, so that their answers to future puzzles may be in time.

Here are the main portions of the three letters:

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a regular reader of your magazine for several years, and I think if you had known how many readers you had out here you would have left more time for us to do the exercise. I did it as soon as it came here; but I suppose it will be far too late for any prize. I thought I would do it to show the interest that I take in the magazine. My sister and I are looking forward to Christmas, and I suppose the little American children would think it very funny that we have hot weather instead of frost and snow.

Believe me your affectionate reader, MAGGIE J—.

PANG CHUANG.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I herein send a copy of "Marion's Adventures," I believe, correctly spelled.

It takes a letter a month and a half to reach the United States from my home, which is one hundred and eighty miles from Tientsin, and I beg that the Little Schoolma'am will allow us more time than twenty days the next time she gives us work.

Your reader, Willys R. P—.

CABOONBAH, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for six years, and, seeing the competition in the October number, we are glad to join it, though of course we are too late.

We little Australians would like to have something to do with it another time, if you could give us a little longer.

It takes such a long time for us to get our magazine.

I remain your interested reader, JOAN S—.

ISLESBORO, MAINE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about the time my mother and I were nearly killed. My father, Major Frederick L—, was ordered to the West to be in charge of some troops stationed there. Well, about this time my father was taken violently ill, and my mother and I were sent for. So we got all ready for our journey and started.

By the route we took we spent two and a half days on the train and then took a coach for the ride of twenty miles, and after that traveled with a troop who were going to the fort where my father was stationed, laden with provisions and ammunition for the garrison.

We had passed the first three days very comfortably, when on the fourth, towards evening, as we were traveling with the soldiers, one of the troop, who was riding behind, suddenly spurred forward and began to talk with

our captain, who, after a while, came forward and spoke to my mother. I was just a little chap and so tired that I could scarcely find interest in anything; but my mother looked very anxious and hugged me tight, and I am afraid "wept over" me.

Well, the long and short of it was that we were attacked by Indians, and had to fight for it, too, let me tell you. And the dear old captain who fought to save us lost his life along with three of his men.

Yours, TED L—.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three or four years and find you very interesting.

I live in Baltimore in the winter, but last summer I spent a few weeks with my aunt on the coast of Maine.

A very funny thing happened in Baltimore last winter. I was walking down one of the principal streets when I heard a very squeaky piano-organ.

A very fashionable old gentleman was standing on the opposite side of the street waiting for the car. Well, the organ-grinder came up to the gentleman and took off his hat (which you know is the way they ask for money); the gentleman looked at him for a moment and then returned the salutation with the greatest courtesy. Of course it looked very funny to the people who were watching.

Your true reader, MARRIE L. B—.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old and I have taken you three years. This is my second trip abroad. Last year we stopped at some of the cathedral towns and this year some others. Peterboro' has a very curious Saxon church in the crypt; the legend is this: There was once a saint who wanted to build a church, so he asked the king for permission, which was granted; and that very church he built was a few years ago discovered in the crypt of the church. My uncle took a candle and led us through. It is very narrow and low, and we were glad to get out. All the other cathedrals were very beautiful, but I liked Chester cathedral best of all.

Your constant reader, EDITH V—.

LIBERTY, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and have taken ST. NICHOLAS for six years. I enjoy the letters, as they are so original. I have just returned from Los Angeles, California. We visited a friend on the way home, in South Bend, Indiana, who had an aquarium. It was a glass tank about fifty inches long in the center of which were stones, shells, and water grasses. Sparkling brook trout, gold fishes, and Japanese fantails swam about. In the evening an electric bulb hung by the side of the tank, making it look like "fish fairyland," as the quick flashes of life moved through the waving grass. The water runs in and out at the lower end, feeding a tank in the cellar which is much larger and contains bass, large trout, and bullfrogs. When it rains out-doors, the frogs sing so they can be heard upstairs. The cat of this household is as interesting as the fish, for she will wet her paw to catch one. She will steal down cellar and sprawl herself on the platform, made for the frogs to rest on, and

put her paw in the water to its full length. The fish swimming rapidly by is caught on her claw. She has been punished for this, but nothing can break her of going fishing. When she is out of the house and wants to come in, she will rise on her hind legs and touch the electric button so that the servant will open the door.

I am in Liberty now, which is popular as a summer resort. Every year the hotels have a wagon parade; the most beautiful and the most grotesque take a prize. The photographer of the village astonished every one by appearing on the back of a wagon dressed as a dancing-girl, with a big yellow wig and red cheeks. About his neck hung several large snakes. We went the next day to see them in his office; they were kept in a large box, with a zinc tank at one end filled with water. This strange man loves these creatures and has always handled them. When asked if the snakes were stupefied with a drug, he said: "No, they are perfectly harmless; my child three years old will handle any that I do. I remove the venom, or poison bag, from rattlers and other dangerous snakes." In the box were two Florida bullheads, about six feet long, one Texas "whiplash," so called because he defends himself with his tail, as one would use a whip, one black adder, one prairie racer, a milk snake, and several grass snakes; they all took a drink and swam about while we were there. Snakes feed upon mice and frogs, which they eat alive. The photographer did not take the prize, as no one liked his strange pets, though his exhibition was original.

CARLETON B—

Here is a letter written in Spanish:

QUERIDO ST. NICHOLAS: Puedo decir con seguridad que V. nunca ha recibido una carta de Huanillos; es solo

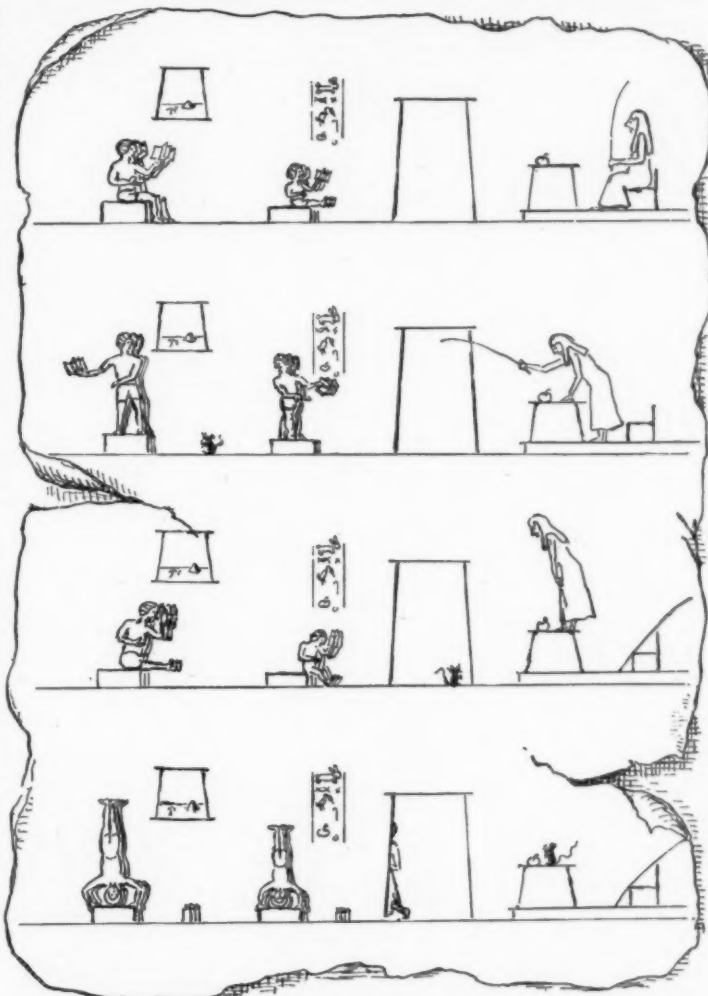
un puerto adonde se embarca guano. Hemos estado aqui casi dos años. A la distancia de tres leguas de aqui hay una "Salina" que tiene cincuenta millas de largo y

A PICTURE STORY.

(An incident in a school in ancient Egypt.)

WHILE the children are busy with their books a mouse appears and causes merriment, but the schoolmistress frowns on their levity. When the mouse turns his attention to the teacher she takes a different view of the situation. It is not the teacher that the mouse wants, but the apple on her desk, and, after the teacher retreats, the children and the mouse make merriment again in their own way.

Edwin A. Rockwell.



HUANILLAS, CHILE.

doce de ancho, y es todo pura sal. Traen la sal en carretas y de aqui la embarcan.

Los cerrras detras de nosotras son muy altos; en estas

regiones andan guanacos y zorros; he visto un guanaco y dos ó tres zorros que han cazado.

En el año 1867 se salió el mar, varias personas se ahogaron; espero que no suceda tal cosa otra vez.

Estoy escribiendo esta carta en español, porque vi una en francés, y pensé que la publicarian. Todos los meses espero con impaciencia que llegue ST. NICHOLAS; los cuentos que mas me han gustado son "Lady Jane," "Toinette's Philip," y "Three Freshmen: Ruth, Fran, and Natalie"; tambien me gustan los versos que siempre hay en cada número. Adios. Soy su interesada lectora,

E. ELENA C—.

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt has sent you to me for about three years, and I like you very much. As you published not long ago a very nice account of Mount Tacoma, written by a little girl, I thought that perhaps you would like to know something about Mount Rainier. Our mountain is very grand, stately, and solemn. I often wonder what he thinks about, keeping watch for so many years over all the land, but he has his funny tricks too, for when the weather is going to be cold and blustery, he puts his snow cap on. It is made of clouds. He changes the fashion sometimes in shape and color. Sometimes it is pink, sometimes it is white, sometimes it is pale blue—the national colors, red, white, and blue. He wears it a good piece above his head, where it hangs sometimes the whole day without changing shape very much. He likes to fool people, too, and make them think that he is on fire. You know that he is covered with snow all the year round, but in the summer, on the little bare places of ground that peep out, the loveliest wild-flowers grow, which are found nowhere else, and would you believe it, the sun is so hot on the snow sometimes that it will blister your face if you stay on it long enough. We love our mountain very much, and when I grow big enough I am going up there to find out something more for myself, and when I do I will write and tell you about it. Our sunsets are very beautiful as the sun goes down behind the Olympic Mountains.

Your little friend, AMY G—.

Here are two quaint little letters from France:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I scarcely ever see a letter from France, I thought I would write to you. I am a little girl of Lorraine, and believe there is no country equal to mine. We are ardent royalists, and sometimes have terrible fighting with republican children. Once, on a 14th of July, my brother put out the window a white flag, with gold fleur-de-lys and a scrap of black crape on the top. But he was made draw it inside quickly enough. My eldest sister and I are now in a convent boarding-school, not very far from home. But as it is a cloistered monastery we can only see our friends through a little wooden grating. We have two months' summer vacation, a week at Easter, and two or three days at the new year. I have never been out of my native place, except once in my life, in the chief town of the next department. It is a fine city, but my brother and I love our own old little town best.

My sister and I love your nice magazine immensely; we are much interested in Helen Keller, and would like to know her. We are very fond of your stories. I often copy out brownies for my little sister Stephanie, she likes them so much; the "Dude" is her favorite one. We are seven children. Our eldest brother is married. He has a baby whom we are all crazy of.

I am afraid this letter is very uninteresting and not good enough for print. I would like to talk about our pets, as all your readers do; our pigeon, the tortoise, sparrow, dog, and old horse, tame mouse, but I hear my sister coming, and I must say good-by in a hurry.

I remain your little friend,

FRANÇOISE B. DE L—.

ROANNE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad to receive the ST. NICHOLAS. I am young French girl and I live at Roanne, a pretty town on the Loire.

I have a little sister, she is twelve years old and I am fourteen.

Of course I love my little sister Maggüe a great deal.

I am greatly interested in "Reading the book of Fate" and "The letter-box" in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Reporting to the little girl's letter who were born in Tokio, Japan, I see they must travelled a great many miles away, as their father is a protestant missionary.

Their letter is quite interesting; I find they write in english very well.

Farewell, good ST. NICHOLAS with a shake-hand from:
Your new reader, HERMANCE VERRIÈRE.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Charles A. G., Margaret Hotchkiss, Alice A. Wild, Mary M., John Fulton, Nettie M. Lovell, Marian Comfort, Hattie Chapman, Helen Hunter, Elizabeth S. Fuller, Edna Orr, Elsie G. Roper, Faith S. Chapman, Elizabeth Chamberlin, Robert I. Miner, Walter J. Bush, Florence Mann, S. E. Morrison, Rachel E. C., Bessie Dunsmore, Annie P. McK., Mabel T., Emma Sweet Danoe, Evelyn Mildred, Thyra Barton, Mildred Pickett, Elizabeth A. Stevens, Sarah S. Wilkinson, Pussie Mills, Catherine Ford, Francis C. Nickerson, Ruth H. Wilkinson, J. M. C., Charles Baker Cunningham, Florence R. Norcross, Elizabeth A., Mary H. Pusey, E. V. Briggs, Edith R. H., Ruth S., Harold B., Nannie Lee Janney, Agnes and Alice Gaffett, Ruth B. and Irene F., Grace H. Newton, Vara Gray Ladd, Arthur Knickerbocker, Wilda Powell, Emily Compton, Morgan Moore, Grace Townley, John A. Church, Jr., Lottie V. Linley, Margaret Doane Gardiner, Fred Haskell, Elsie C. Haggard, Eva C. Proudfoot, Marianne Lee Smith, W. N. Brunaugh, Hilary M. Z., M. Margaret Rogers, Madeline and Constance Mayer, Augusta Maverick, Bertha W. P., S. E. Meyer, Helen M. S., Winifred E. N. Birks, Llewellyn Pascoe, Frances D. R., Alice Jessie Foster, Norah Manson, C. W. L., C. R. S. and W. P. V., Arthur D. W., Marguerite Strong, Vera L., L. F. W., Estelle L. Schlicht, Julian Breitenstein, Harry C. Taville, Robert W. Alter, E. B. Northrop, Jr., Nelly L. C., John W. K., Bessie K., C. J. Vallette Pettibone, Joseph W. Currier, Earl Hart S. and Marietta Varallo S., Miriam C., "The Little Owl," Rachel C. Newbury, Elsie Keator, Clermont L. B., E. Linton and H. Luthin, Emilie E. C., Alice M. R., Bessie B., Leslie B. C., John N. Burnham, E. D. T., Mabelle C. Houghton, Louis Manheimer, Richard Lockwood, Ethel Sinclair, Topsy Griffin, E. L. C., Louise H. Bridgen, Russell F. C., Elsie Margaret P., May C., Irene R. Tucker, Murray Edwards, D. Clifford Jones, Sophy W. Williamson, Laura Perry, Louise B. Mitcham, Annie Lanning.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Alcott. Cross-words: 1. Camera. 2. Owl. 3. Music. 4. Banjo. 5. Cornet. 6. Bayonet. WORD-SQUARE. 1. Texas. 2. Every. 3. Xeloc. 4. Arete. 5. Sycee.

ZIGZAG. St. Patrick's Day. Cross-words: 1. Soap. 2. Safe. 3. Slit. 4. Span. 5. Site. 6. Spit. 7. Acme. 8. Step. 9. Sire. 10. Fiji. 11. Sack. 12. Skin. 13. Slap. 14. Ides. 15. Stay. 16. Slay.

CHARADE. In-got.

DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Cat. 3. Corea. 4. Earnest. 5. Teens. 6. Ash. 7. T.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Stop, pots, tops, post, spot.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Cooper. Cross-words: 1. Condor. 2. Iocust. 3. gRouse. 4. linPet. 5. spidEr. 6. beaver.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 15th, from M. McG. — G. B. Dyer — Paul Reese — Josephine Sherwood — Blanche and Fred — Florence and Flossie — Marguerite Sturdy — "Tweedledum and Tweedledee" — "Jersey Quartette" — W. L. and H. A. — Ella and Co. — "Chiddingstone" — L. O. E. — "Four B's" — John Walker and Co. — Clive — Philip and Richard S. — "Two Little Brothers" — W. L. — Louisa E. Jones — Laura M. Zinser — Sigourney Fay Nininger — Charles Travis — Kate S. Doty — Franklyn Farnsworth — Achille Poirier — Nannie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before JANUARY 15th, from Daisy, 1 — Herman W. Fernberger, 1 — Kenneth Lewis, 2 — "Ann Serd," 2 — Mary C. Knauer, 1 — Clifford Clark, 2 — Marian J. Homans, 3 — Annie C. Gregory, 1 — "Marie Antoinette," 2 — J. P. D., 1 — Hulda Bendick, 1 — H. Mestre, 1 — Wm. F. Bonbright, 2 — No name, Detroit, 2 — Ernest A. Walter, 1 — Laurence L. Brown, 3 — Leila Cossart, 2 — Millie Papenbrock, 2 — C. W. Wickesham, 1 — No name, Newark, 4 — R. M. Mathews, 1 — Lillian Davis, 3 — Verna T. Benezet, 2 — Sophie G. Staver, 1 — Ralph L. Evernden, 3 — Pauline W., 1 — Robt. W. Alier, 2 — A. E. and D. C. Rowell, 1 — "Wisdom," 3 — "The Masqueraders," 9 — "General," 2 — "Dinah and Aunt Myra," 9 — Fred K. Haskell, 1 — Victor J. West, 5 — Marguerite Strong, 1 — J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 2 — "One of Five Cousins," 8 — Belinda and Charly, 6 — Estelle L. Schlicht, 3 — Arthur D. W., 2 — M. J. Philbin, 8 — "The Tivoli Gang," 9 — Arthur D. Brown, 9 — Alma and Blanche M., 6 — Herbert S. Abraham, 4 — Oskytel H. C., 1 — Mary Rake, 2 — "Two Corbies," 6 — Katharine Bushnell, 3 — Lorne Porter, 1 — Edyth Pryor, 2 — Charlotte F. Kendall and Robert Hunt, 9 — Daniel W. Hardin, 1 — Donald Small, 9 — Paul Haskell, 1 — Rebecca Edwards Forbes, 1 — "Convent Chimes," 1 — Frances D. R., 1 — "Owl's Nest Club," 7 — H. Stow, 1 — Alma Steiner, 5 — Mary Belle Keefe, 4 — Mildred Shakespeare, 9 — Gay, 2 — Gladys Kaufman, 1 — Katharine Bruce, 2 — Geneva G. Matthews, 1 — Goyenecke, 2 — Estelle and Marguerite, 1 — George S. Luckett, 1 — "Three Brownies," 8 — Stirling Schroder, 2 — Laurence and Eben McNair, 2 — Mary and Olive, 3 — "Philatelist," 3 — M. and D., 6 — "Emble," 8 — H. L. Bingsay, 8 — Frank Preston, 7 — Alice Butterfield, 4 — "Justin Thyme," 4 — Helen M. Stott, 2 — "Two Katydids," 6 — Ethel J. Grant, 1 — Cyrus and Rosamond, 2 — Eugene T. Walter, 5 — Marguerite De V. Miles, 1 — Julia S. Miller, 1 — H. V. M., 3 — Russell H. Hunter, 2 — Elinor Barras, 9 — L. and I., 9 — Frank D. Bradley, 2 — Jo and I., 9 — Bertha W. P., 1 — S. Stankowitch, Jr., 3 — Pansy and Louise, 3 — Truda G. Vroom, 9 — Earl M. Jackson, 6 — "Kilkenny Cats," 2 — Bessie and Percy, 4 — "We, Us, and Co.," 3 — Dorothy Winslow, 4 — Frank R. Everts, 2 — James A. Greig, 2 — Edward A. Lyon, 9 — Arthur F. Burns, 2 — P. D. S. and A. M. S., 9 — Mary N. Williams, 9 — H. P. Sweeney, Jr., 1 — Charles P. Tuttle, 2 — Ethelberta, 7 — A. E. and H. G. E., 9 — A. S. and C. B., 4 — Jean D. Egleston, 9 — Frances Lee Fleming, 8 — "Brownie Band," 8 — Florence L. Thrall, 9 — "Four Weeks of Kane," 9 — "Edgewater Two," 9 — No name, Hackensack, 9 — "Dee and Co.," 9 — Ida Carleton Thallon, 9 — Aunty Williams and Estelle, 5 — W. Y. W., 9 — "Princeton Tigers," 9 — Paul Rowley, 9 — Marjory Gane, 9 — "Two Guesses," 9 — "You Guess," 9 — "The Butterflies," 9 — Helen Rogers, 9 — "Camp Lake," 7 — "Waterdown Quadra," 5 — Lucy and Eddie H., 5 — "Merry and Co.," 9 — Ralph E. Hitchins, 3 — Edna Goodspeed, 4 — Everett W. Nourse, 8 — E. C. E., 7.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To jest. 2. Above. 3. Small barrels. 4. Formerly.

II. 1. A nobleman. 2. A region. 3. To peruse. 4. A well-bred woman.

HELEN MURPHY.

RIDDLE.

TAKE a Chinaman's pride,
Put yourself by its side;
Now pluck out your eye
And place it close by;
Next a wing — how absurd!
Of a house, not a bird.
Now the cup, steaming hot,
Which inebriates not,
But gives pleasant cheer,
Must have its place here.

The whole, in various patterns you'll find,
Of silk or of cotton deftly combined.

HELEN A. WALKER.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed

RHOMBUS. ACROSS: 1. Boat. 2. Hire. 3. Must. 4. Epic. 5. Year. 6. Dreg.

HIDDEN GENERALS. 1. Sherman. 2. Lee. 3. Stonewall Jackson. 4. Sheridan. 5. Grant. 6. Hooker. 7. Scott. 8. Bragg. 9. Early. 10. Ewell. 11. Hood. 12. Beauregard. 13. Longstreet. 14. Price. 15. Banks. 16. Morgan. 17. Butler.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. FROM 1 to 2, Charles; 3 to 4, Carroll. Cross-words: 1. Chronic. 2. Shitah. 3. Oratrix. 4. Ferrets. 5. Poodles. 6. Slander. 7. Lawless.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. P-c-a-t.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Hiss. 2. Idea. 3. Seam. 4. Same. II. 1. Reve. 2. Ebon. 3. Void. 4. Ends. III. 1. Etke. 2. Tecm. 3. Hele. 4. Emeu. IV. 1. Hare. 2. Abas. 3. Rasp. 4. Espy. V. 1. Ugly. 2. Gree. 3. Leer. 4. Yerk.

one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous king and general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A great flow of water. 2. A dull color. 3. The best or choicest part of a thing. 4. Small pieces of pasteboard. 5. A support. 6. To convey. 7. A thin cutting. 8. The fruit of the oak. 9. A little round hill. 10. Worn out. 11. The remains of a fire. 12. A confused mixture of sounds. 13. Frosting. 14. To hasten. 15. Having an even, smooth surface. 16. A country of Asia. 17. A subject.

SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

SEVEN NUTS.

THERE 's a nut that 's a kind of a box or a trunk,
A nut that is drunk just like tea,
A nut that is spread upon biscuits or bread,
And a nut that is found by the sea,
A nut often used for a boundary line,
And a nut that is dug from the ground;
But the very best nut of them all, I am sure,
Is the nut in the frying-pan found.

F. G. NELSON.

SHAKSPERIAN CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

1. THIS peasant-girl, a princess born,
In infancy from home was torn.
2. For love, this maiden's reason fled;
They found her in the water—dead.
3. A Roman soldier, strong and brave,
But cruel envy made him rave.
4. A Scottish chieftain, brave and true,
The murderer of his king he slew.
5. This princess proud, whose heart was bad,
Abused her father, old and sad.
6. In spite of bitter family feud,
This youth a lovely maiden wooed.
7. This merchant rich, whose ships were lost,
Gave foolish bond to pay the cost.
8. Sicilia's king, in jealous hate,
Did wife and child repudiate.
9. This fairy queen, at midnight hour,
Held sprightly court in leafy bower.

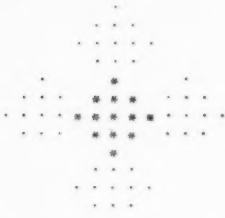
The central letters give this name,
A lady of Venetian fame;
She loved a Moorish soldier brave,
Whose jealous passion made him rave.

J. S.

DIAGONAL.

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter), will spell a name sometimes given to a beautiful city of New England.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Forms of instruction given by means of questions and answers. 2. A kind of coal. 3. Alleviating. 4. Intricate passageways. 5. Makes known. 6. Makes less friendly. 7. Vanishes. 8. Persons diseased beyond cure. 9. A place set apart for equestrian and chariot races. 10. Chief officers of corporations or companies. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In grapeshot. 2. A period of time. 3. To adorn. 4. A unit. 5. In grapeshot.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In weapons. 2. A vegetable. 3. Tranquillity. 4. A division of a play. 5. In weapons.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In weapons. 2. A conjunction. 3. To enrich. 4. An animal. 5. In weapons.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In weapons. 2. A

covering for the head. 3. A vehicle. 4. A measure of weight. 5. In weapons.

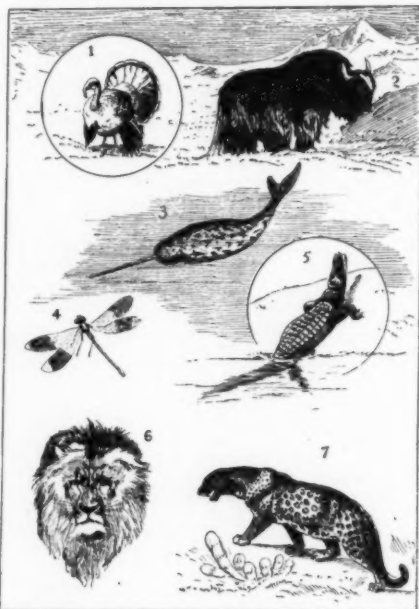
V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In weapons. 2. An animal. 3. Diminishes. 4. A number. 5. In weapons. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

ANAGRAM.

A word of vowels two am I,
Two consonants as well;
Yet with these four, if you but try,
Six English words you'll spell.

The first is a thing of beauty rare;
The second 's not welcome anywhere;
The third is a Grecian god of old;
The fourth by a cockney oft is sold;
The fifth are hidden in rock and rift;
The sixth in the forest are wild and swift.

"LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM."

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the seven small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished British scientist.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

EACH blank is to be filled by a word of five letters. No two words are alike, though the same five letters, properly arranged, may be used to form the four missing words.

A party of * * * * * went to a place in New England called * * * * *, where one of the number had the misfortune to injure his foot. "If this * * * * * me," said he, "I shall be compelled to have my * * * * * sent to my room."

HELEN MURPHY.

